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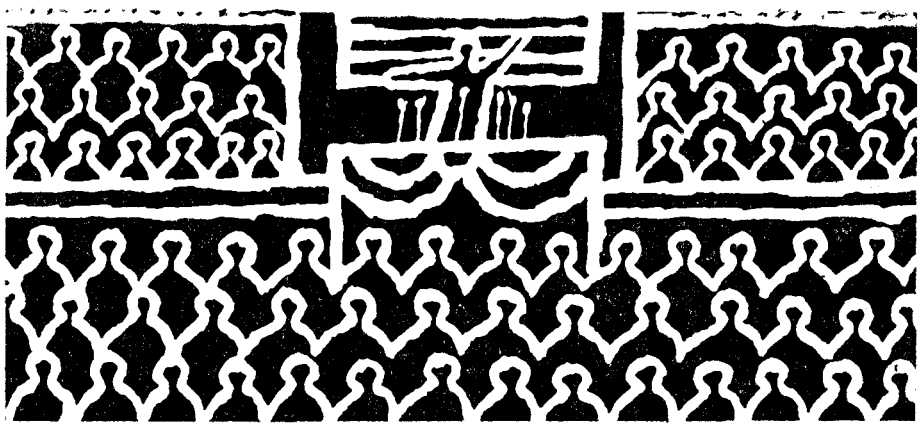

GOLDWATER RALLIES THE TROOPS

Free Speech Association for the Right-thinking

Walter Dean Burnham

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ADLAI STEVENSON

John C. Cort

THE NEW TSHOMBE

Paul E. Sigmund

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CORRESPONDENCE

Auschwitz and America

Lexington, Ky.

To the Editors: Adolph Schalk's "Return to Auschwitz," [July 9] raises a familiar but very interesting point. He says, "the most common remark Germans make when asked what they think about the Nazi murder of millions of Jews is: 'We didn't know.'"

My question is, suppose they did know, then, so what? I suspect those who didn't know would probably do what those who did know did—exactly nothing. This point of view may shock many Americans; but if the Jews had been murdered in good ol' U.S.A. instead of "over there" then the typical American citizen would probably have done exactly nothing also.

To explain my reasoning let me refer to the many civil rights murders which have occurred over the past several years. I'll admit that it's not fair to equate these civil rights murders in the South with the mass murders in Germany (one is wholesale, the other's retail), but after all, murder *is* murder (morality is not a function of volume). All of these murders have been given good press coverage so everyone knows all about them (not like in Germany). My question is—what difference has it made? The murderers are still free. There has not been one conviction to date. Where is the public outcry? Where are the angry voices of our clergy? Judging from the silence of the Church one would come to believe that they actually did not know. LAWRENCE X. TARPEY, SR.

"The New Freedom"

Upton, N.Y.

To the Editors: Two words are appearing with frequency in the essays and editorials of COMMONWEAL—"authority" and "*magisterium.*" However there has been no corresponding discussion of the concepts which these words signify. This clarification is an important task since we no longer "know" what we mean by these words, as is clear, for instance, from Daniel Callahan's "The New Freedom" [June 18]. Much of the abuse we decry and tension we feel as the Church transforms in our time is rooted in the ambiguity of these two terms. And perhaps the single sentence of the Baltimore Catechism neatly (as always) pinpoints the tender spot: "The Church cannot err when it teaches a doctrine of faith or morals to be held by the faithful."

This (real?) distinction causes difficulties because most of us assume that "doctrines of morals" are defined and promulgated by the same mechanisms as are the "doctrines of faith," that is, by the General Councils of the Church. And perhaps we also expect a similar precision in the statement of the "moral doctrines" as has been associated with the "doctrines of faith." Yet one looks with difficulty to find a formal statement of a "moral doctrine" by a General Council. With some reflection one might conclude that "doctrines of faith are susceptible to a minimal formal *explicit* statement (by bishops in council, a collective action) which becomes the "authority" for doctrinal discussion. On the other hand, "moral doctrines" are *implicit* in the living of all Christians, a living guided and described (but not decreed, as it were) by the individual bishops, which activity is the "*magisterium,*" and is based ideally on the "doctrines of faith."

Finally, one might note that the (almost) obsession of the Church with "morals" may be only a comparatively recent phenomenon when viewed against the history of the Church. This preoccupation may be concurrent with the appropriation or accretion to the Papacy of other functions that more properly belong elsewhere. . . .

DAVID K. MC GUIRE

Seminaries and History

Boston, Mass.

To the Editors: Anne Fremantle has a well-earned reputation for seeing things in the long view, while at the same time keeping her facts straight. It is, therefore, with some trepidation that I suggest that one sentence in her recent review [*Through Other Eyes*, COMMONWEAL, July 9] deserves correction. She writes, "Surely *every* seminary should have courses in American Catholic Church history—until recently *none* had."

Although I cannot be certain what the word "recently" means in this context, I feel compelled to testify that there was a course in American Catholic Church history at St. John's Seminary when I studied there more than two decades ago, nor was it new at that time. It becomes a matter especially worth mentioning since the subject was taught by Rev. Robert Howard Lord, an historian of great reputation and an unforgettable lecturer. In his early days at Harvard he was selected to accompany President Wilson to the Paris Peace Conference in 1918 where he headed the Russian and Polish Division. At the time of his death in 1954 Adolf A. Berle, Jr. wrote in the New York *Times* that "The reconstituted Poland probably owed more to him than to any American aside from President Wilson."

More than a generation of Boston clergymen hold this great teacher in affectionate memory and not the least because of insights gained in their youth from his perceptive lectures on American Catholic Church history.

(RT. REV. MSGR.) FRANCIS J. LALLY

An Award

Southwick, Mass.

To the Editors: It is not clear whether the award for talking through one's hat belongs to the authors of *Through Other Eyes* or to the reviewer, Ann Fremantle, for the statement: "Surely *every* seminary should have courses in American Catholic Church history — until recently, *none* had."

Forty years ago, when I was attending St. Bernard Seminary, Rochester, N.Y., the illustrious Rev. Dr. Frederick J. Zwierlein had been teaching such courses for many years. And my companions who were attending St. Mary

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Seminary, Baltimore, Md., were getting similar courses from Rev. Fr. Nainfa, S.S. (REV.) THOMAS S. HANRAHAN

Commodity Boards

Toronto, Ontario

To the Editors: I was dismayed to find that among the editorials of the June 25 issue there is yet another plea for "effective international commodity boards." It is true that in the very short run such boards could assist the poorer one-crop countries, like Cuba, by artificially raising the prices of their exports. The funds for this operation would have to come from the richer countries, and they would constitute a form of foreign aid. I would like to see the richer countries give more foreign aid, but I suspect that commodity boards are a very unsatisfactory way of extending this aid, because their operations will have various undesirable effects in the longer run.

First of all, the boards' price-support operations are almost certain to encourage expansion of production, surpluses, and embarrassing stockpiles in the hands of the boards. Secondly, if the boards succeed in raising prices they will speed the development of substitutes, because they will increase the cost-advantage of substitution. Thirdly, price-supports will tend to encourage the one-crop countries to continue their concentration upon the supported-price commodities, instead of diversifying and industrializing their economies.

If a poor country has a really sensible government which has effectual power to control the use of the national resources, the high prices may be used to provide the foreign exchange which industrialization demands. But few of the poorer countries actually have that sort of government, or that sort of control over the allocation of resources. Therefore, price support may simply perpetuate the old and unsatisfactory pattern of production.

In such circumstances, is it not better to press for *direct* foreign aid? I know there is a deep-seated American tendency to think that gifts are some-

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OUR WAR IN VIETNAM

Few Americans can feel at ease with our involvement in Vietnam. The President's declaration that "We cannot just get out" only adds to the discomfort, for it suggests that little else is left of our original policy reasons for getting in there in the first place. For all practical purposes the war has become a test of wills between ourselves and whoever controls the Viet Cong. It is the same sort of chicken game that a few years ago was dismissed as absurd in a nuclear age. Were we wrong then?

We deceive ourselves if we think the present political climate in the U.S. is a healthy one in which to decide issues of war and peace. "We cannot just get out" is not a suitable substitute for a war policy, however true the statement may be in the context of other considerations.

Our support of Diem after the 1954 Geneva Conference was based on short-range aims. The most fundamental of these was to put a brake on the momentum of Asian nationalism, not so much to stop it as to slow it down to a point where different—and differing—countries would not be swallowed up in an undifferentiated movement. Such was our fear of Communism. Yet the domino theory had less to recommend it during those years than it has now. The countries of Southeast Asia differed in many respects, and we are only learning today that South Vietnam is a vastly complex formation of geographical, economic and cultural differences. These countries were not dominoes insofar as they offered viable alternatives to Communism. Diem in the Fifties was such an alternative; by the time he fell the Diem government had become a family-obsessed bureaucracy that toppled as easily as any domino.

South Vietnam looks more like a domino every day. The tragedy is that much of what the Johnson Administration feels it is committed to supporting is by nature unsupportable. As this is being written, the nation waits the results of an overall review of our Vietnam policy by the government.

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More troops are expected to be committed to the fight, draft calls increased and several National Guard divisions activated. Perhaps Hanoi will become bombable. By January it is estimated we will have over 200,000 troops in Vietnam, which is comparable to the 250,000 soldiers we had in Korea during the worst of the fighting.

Vietnam has become our war, and in the absence of debate the nation waits dumbly for the words that will make it official. And even then we may be disappointed, for the fiction of legality, the Saigon government, unified command, our disinterestedness, all must be maintained. From what can be gathered about the state of the President's mind, it is gloomy indeed. In a recent interview he said, "They (the Communists) think we've lost. They think they can run us out. I've tried thirteen peace offensives to get them to talk, but no. We've either got to hold or get out."

We wonder what is meant by "peace offensives?" Bombing in the North? The initiation of behind-the-scenes negotiations? Both? What is so disheartening about this whole business, as in the 1964 Presidential campaigns, is the disproportion between the seriousness of the issues at stake and the mediocre level of the public discussion.

Our problems in Vietnam, as we have stated before in these columns, are not open to easy solution, militarily or politically. In fact, from a military standpoint there is no solution to Vietnam short of total war. In any case the solution must be political, and we cannot see how it can come about without negotiating with the Viet Cong, halting the militarily dubious bombing of North Vietnam, and being willing to actively support a government in South Vietnam that will talk peace. The last means, among other things, actively supporting such a government against the political generals of the South Vietnamese army. President Johnson described his overriding objective as making "life better, and more enjoyable and more significant for all the three billion people of the world. We've got a moral duty, a Christian duty, to help our neighbors." But that will not matter much to the dead and dying in Vietnam.

LOBBYING FOR PEACE

For the past year, various groups on the left have staged rallies and petitioned the President to "stop the killing in Vietnam"—a piece of undifferentiated advice that avoids the weaknesses that come with being specific about a course of action. Still, there are values in a vague "peace" lobby, the chief one being the neutralization of the professional "anti-Communist" or "war" lobby.

Despite the liberals' tendency to write off the power of the right wing, it does restrict the actions even of Presidents it despises. The right, after all, is partly responsible for getting us into the Vietnam mess in the first place. Studies are now making clear that domestic pressures from the right-wing led Eisenhower and Dulles to abandon the French-British line of diplomacy and set the stage for America's underwriting of the Saigon regime. That was in 1954 when the wave of McCarthyism was reaching its peak. With a bit more wisdom, or perhaps a strong enough countervailing pressure to the anti-Communist warriors, the Vietnam problem might have been solved then on more favorable terms than even the most optimistic analysts now believe possible.

The Castro-phobia whipped up by the right, out of all proportion to the real political threat, has also narrowed options for more farsighted politicians. In the midst of the high-pitched and emotional anti-Castroism that gripped the country in 1961, President Kennedy found himself unwilling to stop the Bay of Pigs invasion —the most untypical decision of his entire regime. Several journalists have reported that Kennedy well knew that elements within the CIA were prepared to leak the story and start a "soft on Communism" campaign, if he had decided to stop plans for the invasion. Kennedy realized the potential power of an "appeasement" campaign against a new President who stopped such an invasion amid the anti-Castro fever. The scare talk from the right may well have been an essential ingredient in the decision to allow the Eisenhower-planned invasion to proceed.

Similarly, we do not know, and may never know, to what extent domestic political considerations led President Johnson into his Dominican adventure. Or to what extent the right-wing's appetite for total victory is shaping decisions today on Vietnam. In this light, even a "peace" lobby which studiously avoids mentoning a concrete line of action can be a liberating factor for policy-makers. The equally vague lobby for "toughness" needs a counterweight. Without one, even the best-laid plans of sober leaders will tend to be swayed by the undercurrent of political fundamentalism.

RENTICARE

What Senator Harry Byrd calls "renticare"—a proposal to subsidize low-income families in private, nonprofit developments—is about to become law as part of

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the Johnson Administration's housing bill. It is an important advance, the kind that used to be considered impossible before the President began his series of astonishing successes in domestic legislation. Surprisingly enough, a Republican-backed attempt to kill the rent-subsidy provision was defeated with ease. The government will now pay the that part of a low-income family's rent which is more than 25 percent of the breadwinner's monthly wage.

The precedent is a significant one, since the normal supply-and-demand approach to rental has long since broken down in our major cities. The biggest money in apartment building is in the "luxury," or at least upper-middle-class, category. Even the carefully pruned costs of private low-income housing result in rents too high for low-income families to afford. A good deal of imagination will have to be expended to keep from driving lower-income families out of our cities or into present or future slums. The approval by the House and Senate of a federal subsidy here is an encouraging step.

A CATHOLIC R.S.V.

The publication of a "Catholic edition" of the Protestant Revised Standard Version (R.S.V.) of the New Testament is a major ecumenical triumph. The very lineage of the R.S.V. suggests a measure of the victory. As the introduction to the Catholic edition notes, the R.S.V. is "an authorized version of the American Standard Version, published in 1901, which was a revision of the King James Version, published in 1611." In a roundabout way, then, Catholics today can buy and read a version of the Bible which is a direct descendant of that version which, above all others, they scorned and condemned for centuries. In the middle of the nineteenth century American Catholics went to court to keep the King James Version from being read to their children in public schools. That their great-great-grandchildren will now be free to buy and read an offspring of that Version is a measure of the distance both the churches and exegesis have travelled in recent years.

This might all be rather amusing, in the department of historical ironies, were it not for the long struggles which lie behind the Catholic edition of the R.S.V. The strife of the Reformation and its aftermath are by now well known. Not so familiar are the efforts of generations of exegetes, both Protestant and Catholic, to establish their science as one free of doctrinal presuppositions and sectarian wars. The difficulties of wrestling with ancient texts were more than equalled by the simultaneous necessity of wrestling with ecclesiastical authorities. These conflicts have by no means vanished, but they have at least reached manageable proportions. In the face of solid exegetical scholarship, the burden of proof now lies with those church authorities and dogmatic theologians who were once able to demand, as a matter of course, that exegesis conform to doctrinal commitments.

One can, to be sure, look upon the Catholic edition of the R.S.V. as a signal tribute to Protestant scholarship. That it is, but there is even more to the story. It was not really until 1943, with the publication of Pius XII's encyclical *Divino Afflante Spiritu* and a number of replies from the Pontifical Biblical Commission, that Catholic scholars felt fully free to base their translations on original texts rather than on the Vulgate. Oddly enough, however, there still does not exist a complete Catholic translation into English of the whole Bible from original sources; even Monsignor Knox followed the Vulgate. While there are at least two translations in process, they have not yet appeared; until they do, the Catholic edition of the R.S.V. will have a special importance. But even when these translations do appear, the R.S.V. will still be of great value. Here, for the first time, is an edition of the Bible from which Protestants and Catholic together can gain spiritual nourishment.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

STEVENSON THE POLITICIAN

There are several essays one could write about Adlai Stevenson, for he was a cultural as well as a political phenomenon, a man with an international following as well as domestic political support, an orator and prophet as well as a diplomat. I would emphasize Stevenson the skillful politician because this is the side of his career that has been most consistently undervalued.

The prevailing stereotype of Stevenson is that he was indecisive and perhaps too fine-grained for the clash and dust of the political arena. But the basis for this

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interpretation, when compared to the evidence for the opposing view, is surprisingly insubstantial. It consists largely of two episodes. In 1952, he refused to seek the Democratic presidential nomination and steadfastly resisted the pressures in this direction until the convention actually met. This was partly indecision; it was also political good sense. He knew that he could probably win re-election as governor of Illinois. If he was re-elected while the national Democratic ticket went down to defeat, he would be in a favored position to win the nomination four or eight years later.

Stevenson recognized that the Democratic Party after twenty years in power was due for a defeat. If the normal swing of the political pendulum did not suffice, then General Eisenhower's personal popularity would. Yet one does not turn down a chance at the White House lightly. Merely to be nominated is a rare honor. Moreover, since elections are inherently unpredictable, those who try to be too clever are sometimes caught short. As a good Democrat and a good citizen, he felt an obligation to the party and to the office of the Presidency. He also realized that the nomination would be valueless if it came to him as the chosen heir of the Truman Administration. His only hope of winning in November was to stand apart from Truman and place his own distinctive stamp on the campaign.

The 1960 Convention

The other evidence for the commonly assumed picture of Stevenson as indecisive was his role in the maneuverings leading up to the 1960 Convention. Stevenson felt after two defeats that he could not actively contest against his younger rivals in the primaries. His nomination for a third time would be psychologically right only if the party turned to him as the man above the fray and asked him to unite it and lead it once more into battle. There was no doubt that he wanted a third nomination but if it was to be worth anything, it had to come to him. It was the 1952 situation all over again, but for quite different reasons. He avoided the primaries and stayed on friendly terms with all his rivals. This strategy was far from the feckless course it was made to seem. If Humphrey and Kennedy had killed one another off in the primaries as most politicians expected, Stevenson would have had a better chance of emerging as the convention's compromise candidate than Johnson, who at that time would have been vetoed by the unions and the Negroes, or Symington, who was not an impressive figure.

As against these two episodes in his career, consider the many evidences of political talent and firmness. He waged an effective campaign against an entrenched Republican machine in Illinois in 1948 and won by 572,000 votes. There was nothing diffident about his firm grasp of power as governor and party leader in the state. In 1952, he insisted upon the nomination of his own choice as his successor as governor over a better-known, more popular organization candidate. In 1956, when Kefauver unexpectedly defeated him in the Minnesota primary, he fought back and successfully waged an old-fashioned personal canvass in the Florida, Oregon, and California primaries. No one who watched him handshake his way through countless shopping centers and town squares during those long months could doubt his drive and tenacity. To be sure, he did not find it congenial. But does anyone suppose that John F. Kennedy or any other candidate of sensibility finds primary campaigning a beguiling experience?

Stevenson's most ingenious political stroke was one he devised entirely on his own. This was his decision to throw open the Vice-Presidential nomination at the 1956 convention. It highlighted, as nothing else could have, the importance of the Vice-Presidency at a time when Eisenhower was in ill health and Nixon under intense scrutiny as heir apparent to the Presidency.

His services as leader of the Democrats during their years out of power are somewhat better known. He backed two fiercely honest National Chairmen—Stephen Mitchell and the late Paul Butler. He was leading figure in the now defunct Democratic Advisory Council which set forth the party's criticisms and alternatives to the Eisenhower program. By his speaking tours, he raised huge sums of money for the party treasury. He inspired new people and younger people to become active in the party. He kept the Democratic Party in a dignified and responsible posture.

To appreciate more fully what Adlai Stevenson, this often-denigrated politician, did for his party, one has only to look at the shambles that Richard Nixon and Barry Goldwater have made of the Republican Party as its successive titular leaders in the past five years. Who among these three was really the best politician?

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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In keeping with the usual practice, COMMONWEAL *will again appear on alternate weeks from the middle of July to the middle of September. Forthcoming issues will be dated August 20, September 3, and September 17. From then on, we will resume our normal weekly printing schedule.*

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

SCHOOLS AND SLUMS

Three priests and six nuns were arrested in Chicago during a civil rights demonstration against school segregation a week or two ago, so I guess summer is really here. Let's hope it won't be too long and too hot.

Intensity of feeling on the school question comes as no surprise to people who read and took seriously James B. Conant's *Slums and Suburbs*. In the metropolitan slum areas Dr. Conant studied, particularly the Negro slums, between half and two-thirds of the boys between sixteen and twenty-one were out of school and out of work. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of the current war-against-poverty efforts to create jobs for such young people.

In a city like New York, where the trouble started last year, the situation is particularly touchy. White, Negro and Puerto Rican gangs are usually spoiling for trouble. The Negroes and Puerto Ricans in particular are sensitive to real or fancied slights. With few exceptions they live in rigidly prescribed racial ghettos. Their out-of-work young men are usually not very well educated or highly skilled, but they know how many doors would remain closed to them even if they were, and this does not help matters.

When Dr. Conant's book came out there was considerable discussion of it in the press, but not enough political leaders took it seriously. For those willing to heed him, Dr. Conant spelled out a warning: the big city slums, he said, are loaded with dynamite. Conditions in the racial ghettos are nearing the explosion point, he wrote, and we face disaster unless we act wisely and soon. Slum area schools must be drastically improved; vocational training and apprenticeship programs must be expanded; doors now closed must be opened to job-seeking boys who have already left school.

This last point is crucial; in many places the unemployment rate for those under twenty-one is more than twice that for all workers. Literally hundreds of thousands of jobs are needed to meet this problem. Sargeant Shriver is doing the work of two men, but I don't think the Administration program is ambitious enough to meet a need of such dimensions.

As for the schools themselves, Dr. Conant called the difference between education in slum and suburb "profoundly shocking," and no one who knows slum schools will dispute him. A middle-class suburb may well spend twice as much per pupil for education as is spent on the slum child, yet in the national interest, as Dr. Conant pointed out, "these ratios might well be reversed."

Dr. Conant ran head-on into the integration-by-bussing dispute. Although he is opposed to segregation "solely" on racial grounds, he is also opposed to integration achieved by bussing children out of their own neighborhoods. He is convinced that satisfactory education can be given in all-Negro schools—if only society will provide adequate financing and high-caliber, fully integrated staffs. This is why so much opposition to Dr. Conant's views developed in the Negro and liberal communities, and this is not surprising. Nonetheless, I don't think this point should be allowed to obscure Dr. Conant's major findings, which add up to a damning indictment of education—and life—in the racially segregated slum.

The school situation in the really blighted areas does not, of course, represent purely an educational problem; it is part of a larger socio-economic pattern of injustice, tragically complicated by racial hatred and segregation. The war against poverty in these areas shows promise precisely to the extent that its leaders recognize this fact. At best children who come from what are euphemistically called "culturally deprived" slum area homes start life with a terrible handicap. The child whose family is perennially transient, the child who cannot stay awake in class because he is undernourished or because it is impossible for him to get enough rest at home, the child who may never have set foot in an elevator or in a park or anywhere outside the walls of his racial ghetto—these children are hard for even gifted and dedicated teachers to educate. Yet such children are hardly rarities, as any teacher in any big-city problem area will testify.

No one, then, would claim that the school can do everything. At the same time, the importance of the school should not be underestimated either. The local school, if it is a good one, provides a real chance to break down the old pattern, to allow the child to see over the walls that poverty and segregation have raised so high. This is what slum schools should be doing. As long as they are not, as long as they are themselves educational slums, dedicated primarily to keeping children off the streets for five hours a day, we cannot pretend that we have even begun to face up to our problem.

JAMES O'GARA

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GOLDWATER RALLIES THE TROOPS

The Free Speech Association digs in

WALTER DEAN BURNHAM

Last year there was a good deal of speculation whether Barry Goldwater's capture of the Republican nomination had permanently transformed the character of American politics. In large degree this question must still remain in the realm of speculation, but there seems more and more reason to think that the political forces unleashed at last year's *Parteitag* in San Francisco are here to stay. The latest development in this new phase of our politics has been Mr. Goldwater's unfurling of a standard to which all Right-thinking people can repair: the Free Society Association. This new group has been met with stony silence from some Republican organization men and outspoken hostility from others, including Ray Bliss and Senator Dirksen. Notwithstanding this less than ecstatic backing from the high command of the GOP *apparat,* Goldwater is now fully engaged in his new political venture.

What are the reasons for the creation of this new operation? The *prima facie* answer is deceptively simple: Goldwater, a defeated candidate without office, is trying to construct a sounding board for his further political ambitions. No doubt, but it is necessary to dwell a bit on what those ambitions really are. For one thing which emerges from the man's career to date is that he has no overwhelming personal ambition to be President. The limit of his personal ambition seems to be the U. S. Senate seat which he forfeited to run for the presidency in 1964. While John F. Kennedy conquered his nomination from a reluctant party in 1960, Goldwater was swept to the top in 1964—like Bryan in 1896—because he had become in large measure an artifact of a Movement which had spread throughout the Party's grass roots. Naturally his was by no means a wholly passive role, but Goldwater was and is essentially the Prophet of a cause whose vehicle the Republican Party is to become. Prophets may come and go, but the Cause remains.

A Permanent Base

The F.S.A. has been put into business, then, not necessarily to promote Goldwater's renomination in 1968 but to provide a permanent organizational base for the objectives of the Movement itself. This Association seems essentially destined to be a kind of holding-company for every major right-wing group in the country except the Klan and the American Nazi Party. Its tasks will be to tap the wellsprings of right-wing political giving and above all to carry on—unceasingly and at last in a fully coordinated manner—the vital work of spreading the Word. In addition to this critically important propaganda function, the F.S.A. may well also become an organizational vehicle for further rightist control of the GOP's grass-roots delegate-selecting machinery. It is intended to provide something quite new in American major-party politics, something the old shadow-organizations of the national parties cannot

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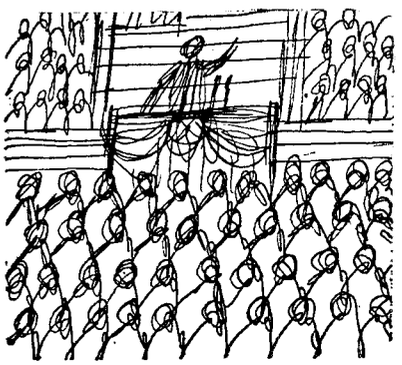
provide within the limits of their current structures: a year-in, year-out financial, organizational and agitprop structure for the eventual conquest of political power.

This concern with permanent mobilization has been basic to every ideological political movement of the past century, whether totalitarian or not in goals and methods. Americans as a whole are probably more unfamiliar with this pattern of political organization than any other people in the world. Ours has been the politics of brokerage, not the politics of the messianic vision. It has been devoted to the realization of incremental, not total, objectives. But one of the first fruits of the Goldwaterite takeover in the GOP last year was the attempt to reorganize the National Committee in such a way as to convert it into something no National Committee had ever been before: a cohesive, disciplined organization which would be run from the top and which would remain permanently under the control of the Movement's spokesmen.



As it turned out, this move was premature—or perhaps inherently doomed to failure so long as the American political party remains the decentralized, pragmatic and victory-oriented affair which it has always been. When the goods were not delivered last November—when, in fact, Goldwater wrought havoc among Republican state and local officeholders on a scale greater even than in 1936—the pressures to oust Dean Burch and his friends proved too much to resist. The Republican National Committee under Ray Bliss has returned to its traditional role as housekeeper for the party as a whole. But while the Movement was unable to hold onto the Committee, much less convert it fully to its purposes, it has continued to display an unerring instinct that the key to the restructuring of American politics lies in fashioning wholly new organizational tools for the permanent mobilization of support.

Another aspect of such movement politics is the attempt to reach out to broaden the base of financial support and place it on a rationalized basis. The discussions last year of the role of "new money" in the Southwest ought not to blind the observer to a significant fact: the Goldwater campaign elicited nearly one million contributions in the $5-10 range, especially after Ronald Reagan's spectacularly successful television appeal. This unusual intensity of giving contributed heavily to the large surplus which the GOP had at the end of the campaign. But this was Goldwater money, not Republican money, and the Movement wants to hold on to future contributions from these quarters. It is not at all surprising that this has hit the regular party leadership in a particularly sensitive nerve, and that this leadership has attacked the formation of the F.S.A. for its potentially serious interference with party fund-raising. Money, after all, is power. If the Free Society Association can become a solidly-bankrolled outfit, it will become an independent force with which the GOP will have to contend for a long time to come.

Awareness of Danger

The regulars are alive to the danger which this new right-wing consortium presents to the party—not only the financial danger, but also the possibility that the F.S.A.'s operations will continue to remind the American people that Goldwater really was the Republican nominee in 1964. One of the more amusing political episodes of recent years, the James Bond coup which Ray Bliss' chief assistant carried out on a Goldwaterite nest in the National Committee, attests to this awareness. Indeed the assistant, William Cody Kelly, claims that Bliss himself was in favor of his raid until the heat was turned on, and then felt compelled to throw him to the wolves. Whether this is so or not, the peculiar episode is another demonstration of Mr. Dooley's point that "Politics ain't bean-bag." Somebody obviously thought the stakes were pretty high.

But while the National Chairman or his staff may be sufficiently aware of these stakes to try to prevent the F.S.A.'s capture of the Party's mailing lists, one wonders whether they—or many other Americans—have yet fully come to grips with the implications of the Movement's peculiar political style. In the modern world, where masses of people become politically involved, the political brokers and technicians are at a serious disadvantage when an ideological front is opened in their organization—provided, of course, that the ideology in question touches a sensitive chord in their publics.

It is time, I think, to recognize that the far right is managing to do just that. The terrifying complexities of American life—the anomie, the rootlessness, the random violence in and out of the streets, the constant wearing tension of combat with an ideologically-armed

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enemy abroad—have produced a vast restlessness in our society, an as yet inchoate but pervasive undertone in public opinion that something has gone very wrong with America. The roots of this malaise are as complex as the society in which it has arisen. But it seems reasonable to suppose that basic to it is a crisis of identity. This is not alone a social crisis, but an intellectual crisis as well.

Throughout almost all of our history, as Louis Hartz maintains, the United States has lived under an overwhelmingly pervasive ideology—the ideology of Lockian liberalism, linked to what he calls "the reality of atomistic social freedom." Most of the movements associated with European politics, past and present, have been ephemeral creatures indeed when transplanted to American shores. Communism, socialism, fascism, Christian Democracy, orthodox Conservatism in the style of Burke or de Maistre—all have made only the slightest traces of impression on American political culture. The American symbolic code has stressed the rights of the individual and the primacy of his private enterprises in the social scheme of things. The full-blooded acceptance by socialists of a collectivist response to modern socio-economic organization is as unknown to this traditional code as is the Christian Democrat's concern with the welfare of the corporate community or Disraeli's Conservative insistence on *noblesse oblige*. This code was tailor-made for the nineteenth-century older middle class, a class to which at least all white Americans were invited to aspire.

The "Welfare-Warfare" State

Of course all of this has not prevented the emergence of a "welfare-warfare" state in this century. It has emerged because there has been no other practical alternative. But with it has come no new symbolic code to justify its ways to man, no autonomous source of legitimacy. The older Lockian symbolic code has clearly collapsed during the past generation as a set of universally binding principles for the governing of human conduct in society, but nothing seems to have taken its place. This collapse, of course, is not just the work of the intellectuals; it is, if anything ever has been, part of a manifest destiny inherent in any highly organized industrial-urban society. The old Lockian-liberal formulas have become simply irrelevant to such a social context. But for those who are fully committed to them, the response to this situation is to seek imposition of an ever more compulsive adherence to the standards of personal and governmental conduct which they lay down. For better or worse, this decayed symbolic code remains the only basis for an ideological politics which can mobilize more than a chemical trace of the American people.

One thing which committed pragmatist pluralists—whether politicians or political scientists—find it extremely difficult to understand is that there are circumstances in which large numbers of people are driven to seek answers in politics which neither pragmatism nor pluralism can provide. For, as Machiavelli pointed out centuries ago, people wish above all to be governed. Only then do they concern themselves with *how* they are governed. It is in such conditions that the final solution, the definitive answer which anyone can understand and accept, is sought, and political movements come into being to provide both.

For one essential aspect of "being governed" is the existence of a more or less coherent, broadly accepted political-social formula which, while permitting us to keep our distance from our fellows, lets us know generally what we may expect from them. When that formula disintegrates, this vital sense of order and predictability in human relationships breaks down with it. In a society as rootless and inorganic as the American, this is a particularly dangerous loss. Accompanying it is an eruption of more or less extreme patterns of anxiety and fear, both of which are fed immeasurably by the breathtaking rate of technological and social change dominating the present era. Much of this anxiety, of course, may be both exaggerated and misdirected, but it is what people *think* they see in the world which forms the core of political activity.

This profound crisis of cultural identity has first been transformed into political terms on a large scale among the clientele groups of the Republican Party. But it is hardly limited to them, and one of the more remarkable contributions of the Goldwater campaign to American life was the extent to which the issue of the intangible quality of that life became firmly embedded in our political discourse. Following November's avalanche, the GOP's pragmatists, technicians and liberals sought to bury the Goldwaterite corpse as quickly as possible. This seemed reasonable enough in terms of conventional politics: the slaughter among the Party's candidates had been tremendous, and a major political party in this country has as its chief aim the winning of elections. But a Movement can be killed, short of the use of violence, only when its grip on a mass base is broken —only when it has outlived the historical era which gave it birth. The Movement around Barry Goldwater has no intention of submitting to a premature burial.

For good reason, too. From the perspective of a Ray Bliss, the wrenching antagonisms in the battered

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House of Republicanism can only produce heartache and the threatening possibility that the 1964 voting alignments will become solidified in 1966 and thereafter. But for those who want to make the GOP over into a party of a new type, based on ideology and rigid organization, things look far more promising. They are working, however inarticulately, for the long run, not the short. They are betting that history is on their side. As matters now stand, there seems every reason to think that they will go into the 1968 convention with solid contingents of support from the South and the Mountain West, and good prospects in parts of the Midwest and Pacific states as well. In all likelihood the Movement and its fellow-travelers will have at least forty percent of the convention's voting strength. One major purpose of the F.S.A. will very probably be to continue the work of welding together all the forces they can reach to win again in 1968—if not with Goldwater, then perhaps with Ronald Reagan? It seems almost certain that the Movement will play a very large role in the Republican Party's deliberations in 1968—perhaps a decisive one unless its opponents finally come to realize in time what ideologies and disciplined minorities can do in politics.

The Southern G.O.P.

Moreover, it seems fairly clear that Southern "Goldwater Republicanism" is still doing extremely well at the polls. In Mississippi, Republicans were elected mayors of two cities, one of which is the home town of Governor Johnson. In South Carolina's Second Congressional District this June Congressman Watson won re-election as a Republican by nearly seventy percent of the vote. The voters spurned the traditional argument of his conservative Democratic opponent that the district's interests would best be served by having a conservative on the Democratic rather than the Republican side of the seniority rosters in the House. The turnout was extraordinary for a summer by-election—well over 80,000, a larger vote than any cast in the entire state in any presidential election from 1892 to 1944. Watson seems to be aiming at the U. S. Senate in 1966 and appears to have excellent chances of election. As it is, there are now 17 Republicans from the South among the party's 141 members in the House—the largest proportion since Reconstruction days. The end to all this is obviously nowhere in sight, and the influence of the South in the party's councils can be expected to increase as well.

The future of the Free Society Association in the larger context of Republican Party politics remains unclear, as does Goldwater's role as a national party leader. Clearly Republicanism remains a house of many mansions. Yet the Right is continuing its strenuous efforts to make the GOP and the country over in its own image. Perhaps all these efforts will turn out to be just so much empty confetti-throwing, but the tensions and anxieties on which rightist ideological politics have been feeding are still very much with us. No one seriously expects them to diminish within the foreseeable future.

All over this country, among people as diverse as the students of a hundred colleges, the Negroes of a hundred Harlems, the little old ladies in tennis shoes and the members of Philadelphia Teamsters' Local 107, there is a seething revolt against the Organization Society as such. Unless that society finds some way of articulating a new symbolic code which appeals to the emotions of men and elicits their support, it will eventually—someday, somehow—be captured by those who can. As of now one thing grows clearer all the time: the election of 1964 marked the beginning of a new political era in the United States, not the end of the Right's bid for political supremacy.

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HAROLD ISBELL

SHRINE

Near the end of the valley
the gravel road bends
to cross the creek and begin
an easy climb to the ridge.

Cupped in that curve
behind a picket fence
(white and severe)
a limestone shrine shelters
Christ on an altar raised
by German immigrants.

The crossing from Bremerhaven
to New York had been fierce
and simple minded farmers
hid their fear in steerage
praying against the curse
of God abandoned.

I cannot remember their names;
but in winter the north
Atlantic howls benediction
down the valley's length.

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More than eloquence

ADLAI STEVENSON

JOHN C. CORT

This was a night to remember. It was two or three o'clock in the morning. The family had long since gone to bed, and so had most of the city of Boston, whose lights I could see stretching out for miles below our hill. I lay on the couch on the back porch and listened to the radio.

The voice said, "I accept your nomination—and your program. I should have preferred to hear those words uttered by a stronger, a wiser, a better man than myself. But after listening to the President's (Truman's) speech, I even feel better about myself."

In the long history of American politics was ever a presidential nomination accepted so humbly, so lightly, or, in fact, so reluctantly? It was one of the few genuine drafts in our history. James Reston has testified that Stevenson was not only convinced, that year of 1952, that Eisenhower would win, but even that it might be better that he did win, that it might not be good for the country for the Democrats to remain in power so long, for the Republicans to remain out of power so long.

This too, this extraordinary ability to see things outside himself, so untypical of the political animal, was part of his great gift to the American people.

But the Democrats had no one else who could compare with him, no one else who could begin to put up a decent fight against the Military Hero, the great Father Image. If the convention had not been held in Chicago, perhaps he might have escaped. But as Governor of Illinois it was his duty to welcome the delegates. Most of them, like the rest of us, had never seen or heard him speak before. He was only an obscurely famous name, a man who had become known to the political cognoscenti by reason of the fact that he had won a landslide victory in 1948 to become the state's fourth Democratic governor in a hundred years, and had then gone on to make a brilliant record as a reformer in his first term. That, and the rumors of his wit and eloquence, was all.

JOHN C. CORT, *of Boston's Commonwealth Service Corps, was formerly one of the editors of* COMMONWEAL. *He recently served as Associate Representative of the Peace Corps in the Philippines.*

So he welcomed the delegates: "Here on the prairies of Illinois and the Middle West we can see a long way in all directions . . . here there are no barriers, no defenses, to ideas and aspirations. We want none; we want no shackles on the mind or the spirit, no rigid patterns of thought, no iron conformity. We want only the faith and conviction that triumph in free and fair contest."

He sketched a quick cartoon of the Republican convention that had preceded the Democrats in the same city. "For almost a week, pompous phrases marched over this landscape in search of an idea, and the only idea they found was that the two great decades of progress in peace, victory in war and bold leadership in this anxious hour were the misbegotten spawn of bungling, corruption, socialism, mismanagement, waste and worse. They captured, tied and dragged that idea in here and furiously beat it to death. After listening to our misdeeds awhile I was surprised the next morning when the mail was delivered on time. Our friends were out of patience, out of sorts and, need I add, out of office."

A New Voice?

After that it was no contest. The pressures put upon him to accept became unbearable. And so, a few nights later, there came upon the midnight air that glorious voice, a new and different voice in American politics, a voice that made it possible to believe again that platitude and pomposity were not inevitably wedded to public office, that style and grace and reason could find a place on the seats of power.

Strangely, he who was so nearly faultless in taste opened his campaign with a lapse in taste. The reference to Christ's agony in the garden and his own prayer "to let this cup pass from me" was just unfortunate, the kind of thing that has inspired Ed Lahey, praising with faint damns, to say of Stevenson that "he had a form of humility that permitted him to see his own excellence even while disparaging himself."

This was indeed a complex man. But that night the delegates, looking up to the platform from their Dem-

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ocratic wasteland, could only applaud the voice that reminded them of harsh and uncomfortable, but oh, such refreshing, such bracing and stimulating truths.

"The ordeal of the Twentieth Century—the bloodiest, most turbulent era of the Christian age—is far from over," he told them. "Let's talk sense to the American people . . . Let's tell them that the victory to be won in the Twentieth Century, this portal to the golden age, mocks the pretensions of individual acumen and ingenuity. For it is a citadel guarded by thick walls of ignorance and mistrust which do not fall before the trumpets' blast or the politicians' imprecations or even a general's baton . . . Let's tell them the truth, that there are no gains without pains, that we are now on the eve of great decisions, not easy decisions—like resistance when you're attacked—but a long, patient, costly struggle which alone can assure triumph over the great enemies of man—war, poverty and tyranny—and the assaults upon human dignity which are the most grievous consequences of each . . . Better we lose the election than mislead the people."

The Hamlet Within

And lose the election he did. I remember that during the campaign I wrote in these pages that "Stevenson is the best qualified candidate since Lincoln." I still believe that was true—in 1952. Later, I am not so sure. I think something happened to him during the years of failure and frustration, something that encouraged the Hamlet in him, something that led Lahey, his "dear old friend," to write after his death that "he was the man of indecision, who would go daffy trying to make up his mind in a cafeteria line." Even in 1965 this is, I believe, a ridiculous and inaccurate thing for anyone, much less a dear old friend, to say about him, but in 1952 there was no ground at all for such an indictment. Stevenson had just completed four years of decisive and effective action in the executive chair of Illinois. If he had been elected president, I believe he would have risen to the demands of the office, as far less able men had risen before him. But the faculty of action atrophies if it is not used.

I did not know Stevenson as well as Lahey knew him. Far from it. I met him only once, a mere introduction, at one of those receptions in a big hotel, where they herd the politicians into one suite, the labor leaders into another, and everybody else into another. The candidate comes around and everybody lines up and shakes hands. This is the kind of hard, grueling campaigning that separates the naturals from the others. Stevenson was among the others. He did not enjoy human contact that much. The strain showed and I remember as he walked out the smile froze on his face. I suspected then that he would never defeat Eisenhower, the most natural of extroverts.

Against men like Nixon, Goldwater, Dewey—nine out of ten Republican candidates—I think Stevenson could have won. His divorce hurt him, it is true. But it is useful to recall that in 1952 three million more Americans voted for him than voted for Truman when the latter defeated Dewey in 1948. He was not entirely a prophet without honor.

If you are looking for evidence of bold and decisive leadership, then I think you need look no further than the American Legion speech of that first campaign. This is the speech that a Catholic bishop once told me was "one of the high spots of American political history." He was right, although, typically, he said he was voting for Eisenhower.

In effect, Stevenson walked into the lions' den, a Legion convention in New York City, bearded them all and made them like it. The papers reported that the Legionnaires interrupted him with applause over twenty times. It was one of the most dazzling displays of combined courage and skill that I can recall in a lifetime of following political debate. After softening them up with humor and reassuring them with his support of military preparedness, he let them have it.

"What do we mean by patriotism? . . . Patriotism means putting country before self . . . Consider the groups who seek to identify their special interests with the general welfare. I find it sobering to think that their pressures might one day be focused on me. I have resisted them before and I hope the Almighty will give me the strength to do so again and again. And I should tell you now, as I would tell all other organized groups, that I stand to resist pressures from veterans, too, if I think their demands are excessive or in conflict with the public interest. . .

"There are men among us who use 'patriotism' as a club for attacking other Americans . . . Surely intolerance and public irresponsibility cannot be cloaked in the shining armor of rectitude and righteousness . . . To strike freedom of the mind with the fist of patriotism is an old and ugly subtlety . . . The tragedy of our day is the climate of fear in which we live, and fear breeds repression . . .

"When an American says that he loves his country, he means not only that he loves the New England hills, the prairies glistening in the sun, the wide and rising plains, the great mountains and the sea. He means that he loves an inner air, an inner light in which

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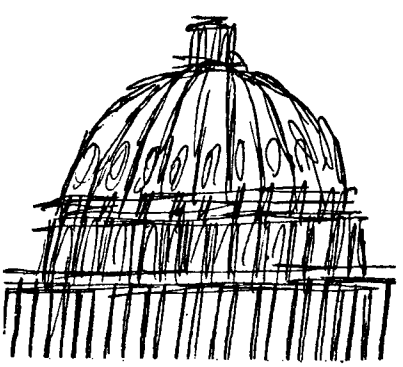
freedom lives and in which a man can draw the breath of self-respect."

No, these are not the words of a man paralyzed by indecision. The more brains a man has, the better his capacity to see both sides of a question. The better his capacity to see both sides of a question, the less his willingness to plump down fatly and solidly on one side. But the realistic man of affairs, and Stevenson was surely that for all his brains, realizes that he must come down somewhere and act. He would have acted, and his brains would have told him how to act. For he had not only brains but guts.

Consider that other man, his opponent. Surely no one conveyed as he did the impression of a decisive man of action. In his own game, the military game, he was indeed. But in the political game I doubt if any historians wlll characterize his two terms as a period of either decisive or active leadership.

The Bartlett Article

Lahey complains because "many of Stevenson's old friends, including myself, felt that he had been sleeping in the lavender sheets at the Waldorf too long after the Bay of Pigs fiasco when President Kennedy seemed to give his approval to a public humiliation of his U.N. ambassador."



Lahey is referring to Kennedy's failure to repudiate an article by his personal friend, Charles Bartlett, that was critical of Stevenson. Actually, this occurred after the Cuban missile crisis, not the Bay of Pigs, but the point remains the same. Reston also suggests that Stevenson wanted to quit as ambassador to the U.N. because of his disagreements with Kennedy and Johnson over the Bay of Pigs, the bombing of North Vietnam and the Dominican invasion, but that he did not quit because he "loved the stir and prominence of public life and hated scenes."

Actually, I think many of us would have applauded Stevenson if he had quit, particularly at the time of the Marine landing in Santo Domingo, when it seemed and still seems, as though we, like the Bourbons, had learned nothing and forgotten nothing, and everything that Adlai stood for was thrown into doubt. A resignation and a few ringing words from him might have stemmed the tide, might have suggested to President Johnson that the lesson of the Bay of Pigs is not that Kennedy went in half-heartedly but that he went in at all.

It is probably not wise, however, for statesmen to listen too closely to journalists. Journalists love the big, expansive, dramatic gesture. They lose nothing by it themselves. On the contrary, it makes for good copy. It makes life more newsworthy.

Stevenson had other things in mind, and perhaps rightly. I shall always remember him as I last saw and heard him, just a few weeks ago, at the Harvard commencement. He was in great form. Even the Republican alumni were laughing and applauding. The speech was one of his best, a moving plea that America resist the temptations of power and interventionism as it had resisted the temptations of isolationism, that we "accept once again the patient, modest, unsensational path of consulting and persuading."

These were his closing words and I think they sum up both the man and his unique and invaluable contribution to the education and the maturing of his countrymen:

"For what we intend today is to extend to the whole society of man the techniques, the methods, the habits—if you will, the courtesies—upon which our own sense of citizenship is based. In our free society we ask that citizens participate as equals. We accept their views and interests as significant. We struggle for unenforced consensus. We tolerate conflict and accept dissent. For we believe that because each citizen knows he is valued and has his chance to comment and influence, his final loyalty to the social order will be more deeply rooted and secure.

"But as heirs to the tradition of free government, what else can we do? Our founders had the audacity to proclaim their ideals self-evident for all mankind. We can hardly be less bold when all mankind is no longer an abstraction but a political fact in the United Nations, a physical fact for the circling astronaut.

"Nor should we despair. The art of open government has grown from its seeds in the tiny city-states of Greece to become the political mode of half the world. So let us dream of a world in which all states great and small work together for the peaceful flowering of the republic of man."

And moved by that vision and that dream, I felt the tears in my eyes. God rest his soul.

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THE NEW TSHOMBE

Can he escape his past?

PAUL E. SIGMUND

A year has passed since Moise Tshombe, one of the most hated men in Africa, was called by President Joseph Kasavubu to head the central government in the Congo. On July 10, 1964, a bare eighteen months after his Katanga separatist movement had been defeated by central government and United Nations troops, Tshombe became premier of the government which he had bitterly opposed from 1960 until 1963. At the time he took office, the Congo was torn by rebellion in the North, the East, and the South. His appointment was strongly criticized by other Africans and the criticism turned to fierce hostility when he called in South African and Southern Rhodesian mercenaries and used Belgian paratroopers to crush the rebellion. The Belgians themselves had not been optimistic about Tshombe's chances at the helm but in urging American support they reportedly argued that Katangan secessionism could only be terminated if all of the Congo passed through a stage of the "Tshombe measles," which would end either by establishing Tshombe as a national leader or permanently discrediting him both in Katanga and Leopoldville.

Now, a year later, the horrors of the rebellion and intervention are a thing of the past. Tshombe has secured the admission of the Congo into the newly-formed Common Organization of Africa and Madagascar (OCAM), comprising most of the French-speaking African states. An election has been held throughout the Congo and the results so far announced indicate that Tshombe's newly-formed national party, the Conaco, has already secured 86 out of 186 seats in the Congolese parliament.

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A Kind of Legitimacy

Tshombe's recent victories pose the question whether he now can succeed in overcoming the hatred which his past actions have inspired in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. By winning the recent elections, he has secured a kind of legitimacy, at least in Western eyes (although his opponents maintain that, in the northeast, the center of the rebellion, opposition candidates were not allowed to run). However, he has yet to establish his credentials as a nationalist—the only standard of legitimacy recognized by many of the leaders of the new nations. To explain how Tshombe acquired this symbolic role as an anti-nationalist requires a review of recent Congolese history. Tshombe's earliest political activity was based on tribalist rather than nationalist appeals. As the son-in-law of the paramount chief of the Lunda, he could count on the support of this important tribe in the formation of his political party, the Conakat (*Confederation des Associations Tribales du Katanga*), in November 1958. As its name implies, the party grouped together tribal associations in Katanga, and its early program was primarily concerned with protecting the interests of native-born Katangans against the increasing political influence of Baluba immigrants from Kasai.

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To the charge of fostering tribalism rather than nationalism, Tshombe's actions added that of collaborating with the colonial financial interests, when in May 1959, his party formed an alliance with the *Union Katangaise*. The Union had been organized by Belgian settlers around a program calling for massive European immigration into Katanga, and internal autonomy in a Congolese Federation with its headquarters in Brussels.

There is no doubt that the alliance was a marriage of convenience, since as an African businessman Tshombe had not developed any great love for the Europeans. However, both the settlers and the Africans favored autonomy for Katanga—the settlers to protect their vested interests, and the Africans to ensure that they would not be dominated by a central government which by 1960 appeared to be likely to come under the control of Patrice Lumumba's *Mouvement National Congolais* party with important Baluba elements among its leadership. Tshombe accepted large financial contributions from *Union Miniere*, the principal mining interest in Katanga.

In the elections of May 1960, Tshombe's party secured 25 out of the 60 seats in the Katanga Assembly, and his Baluba opponents in alliance with Lumumba's MNC secured 23. In the national elections held at the same time, the Conakat won only 8 seats out of 137 in the lower house, and 6 out of 84 in the Senate. The Lumumbists and their allies had placed all their emphasis on the national elections, while Tshombe's concern from the beginning had been with Katanga. Thus his party did not send important members to Leopoldville but concentrated on building up its position in Katanga. By the time that the Katangan assembly held its first meeting, Tshombe controlled 32 seats or a majority, although his party had received only 32 per cent of the vote. However, he faced another hurdle when the opposition walked out of the assembly charging electoral fraud, leaving him with less than the required two-thirds quorum. On June 15, the Belgian parliament came to his rescue when it voted to amend the law under which the election had been carried out so as to permit a quorum consisting of a simple majority. Thus even in his own home territory, Tshombe's legitimacy was questionable both because of electoral irregularities and excessive involvement with Belgian interests.

Katanga's Rebellion

On July 5, 1960, a few days after the Congo received its independence, the National Army revolted and Belgian paratroopers intervened. On July 11, Tshombe, using the revolt as a pretext, proclaimed the independence of Katanga. He did not secure the recognition of Belgium as he had probably expected but Belgium appointed a representative as head of its "technical mission" to Katanga, and the revenues from taxes on the Belgian-owned mines began to flow into the Katanga treasury instead of going to Leopoldville.

Patrice Lumumba, invested only a few days before as premier of the Congo Republic, made strenuous efforts to bring Katanga back into the Congo. A radical nationalist, who had denounced Belgian colonialism even during independence ceremonies, he headed the only party with a national following. As premier, Lumumba incorporated the two strands of modern legitimacy which Tshombe lacked. He had been legally elected by the Congolese parliament and he was committed to a policy of national unity and complete independence. When, after calling in the United Nations to assist him, Lumumba also called on the Soviet Union for help, President Joseph Kasavubu dismissed him, and he was later imprisoned in Leopoldville. After his escape and recapture, Kasavubu ordered that he be transferred to Elizabethville, the capital of Katanga. There in early 1961, the Katangan government announced that following another escape he had been killed by hostile tribesmen.

The announcement of the murder of the only Congolese leader who seemed really committed to Congolese independence and nationalism shocked and angered the rest of Africa. The story of the circumstances surrounding his death seemed a transparent invention, and a United Nations investigation, instigated by the Africans, decided, on what little evidence they could secure, that Lumumba had been murdered on orders of Tshombe's Minister of the Interior (now the Interior Minister of the Leopoldville government), Godefroid Munongo.

Only slightly less heinous in African eyes was Tshombe's next action, the hiring of mercenaries from the racist states of South Africa and Rhodesia. Belgium had removed all its troops from Katanga in September 1960 but it left 336 officers and soldiers with Tshombe on detached service. Tshombe proceeded to strengthen his military position by hiring the mercenaries whom he used along with the Katanga gendarmerie both to repress the Baluba, his tribal enemies, and to resist the United Nations offensive when it finally attempted to subdue Katanga in August and September of 1961. The Katangan army was victorious in its first encounters with the U.N. and it was not until December of 1961 that the United Nations secured control of the key installations and areas in Katanga. In the peace talks

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with the central government which ensued, Tshombe insisted on a Congolese confederal system, and demanded control over the Katanga army and tax system. After some months, the talks broke down, and only a last offensive by the United Nations in December 1962 and January 1963 finally put an end to the secession.

It did not, however, end the remarkable political career of Moise Tshombe. With the apparent cooperation of the Portuguese government (another hate-symbol to African nationalists), units of his army withdrew into Angola, and in June 1963, Tshombe himself left the country and flew to Spain, ostensibly for an eye operation. During the ensuing year he engaged in repeated discussions with the French and Belgian governments, and in the spring of 1964 with American and British representatives as well. The latter powers were at first opposed to him, and at one point he was denied admittance to Britain. But their attitude began to change in the Spring of 1964.

The central government under Premier Cyrille Adoula had been having increasing difficulty in governing the Congo. In September 1963, Kasavubu dissolved an increasingly hostile parliament, and several of the leaders of the Lumumbist opposition moved across the river to Brazzaville, the capital of the former French Congo, where a left-wing revolt had taken place a month before. There they formed a National Liberation Council and announced plans to overthrow the Leopoldville "neo-colonialist" government. Largely for tribal rather than ideological reasons, revolts also broke out in other parts of the Congo. The Congolese National Army seemed incapable of dealing with them, and the small United Nations force which remained after the defeat of the Katangan rebels was scheduled to depart on June 30, 1964. Adoula appealed to other African countries for military assistance but received negative replies from all except Nigeria. There was one other alternative—the units of the Katanga gendarmerie in Angola.

Basis of U.S. Support

One can only surmise the reasoning of American policy-makers in deciding to support the return of Tshombe. However, the fact that he could offer a trained and effective fighting force in the military chaos that was the Congo seems to have been one consideration. Another was the impression that Tshombe made upon W. Averell Harriman when he met him in Brussels. Under the Johnson administration, Harriman had taken over most of the policy-making on Africa from G. Mennen Williams, and it appears that to him, Tshombe's personal abilities as a politician and administrator, the offer of additional troops to be used against a rebellion which Harriman viewed as largely Chinese-dominated, and the Belgian argument that this offered a final solution to the Katanga problem, outweighed the adverse reaction in the rest of Africa to American support of his return to the Congo. A shrewd negotiator, Tshombe also offered to form a government of national reconciliation which would include representatives of all political groups in the Congo, including even the Lumumbists.

This was the program on which Tshombe came to power in July 1964 following some intricate political and constitutional maneuvers. A new Congolese constitution had been approved in a referendum held at the time of the departure of the U.N. troops. Premier Adoula then presented his resignation and Tshombe was named by President Kasavubu to form a government under the new constitution. The result of these efforts was the appointment of Tshombe as premier heading a cabinet representing many different groups in Congolese politics including one representative of the Lumumbist faction.

Politically, the new government was not in a strong position. Under the new constitution, parliament was not to meet until after new elections which were to be held in 6-9 months. Tshombe's claim to legitimacy, therefore, depended solely on his appointment by Kasavubu, whose own claim rested on his election as President by the Congolese parliament before independence. Furthermore, a close look at Tshombe's cabinet undercut his claim to have formed a broadly representative government. He kept all the important posts for himself (Prime Minister, Foreign Affairs, Planning, Foreign Trade, and Information) or his most trusted lieutenant, Godefroid Munongo (Interior and Civil Service). Aside from Tshombe, Munongo, and Albert Kalonji, another former secessionist leader, there were no major political figures in the cabinet, and it was clear that it would be dominated by the two Katangans.

One of Tshombe's first acts was to recall the Katangan

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gendarmes from Angola and announce their integration into the Congolese army. However, the rebellion had now spread over most of the eastern half of the Congo, and he needed more troops if he was to suppress it. Whether sincerely or not, he first made another request for military assistance to the African governments which he felt were least hostile to him, among them Nigeria, Liberia, Senegal, and Madagascar. Not wishing to be compromised by association with Tshombe, they replied in the negative and he turned once again to his former sources of mercenary troops, Rhodesia and South Africa. A few mercenaries were also recruited in Britain but the symbolic importance of a new resort to reliance on the white supremacist states was not lost on the rest of Africa. In November, Tshombe also gave permission for an air drop of Belgian paratroopers on Stanleyville, a military operation which was officially described as a rescue mission but which also had the effect of destroying the principal rebel stronghold.

The reaction of the rest of Africa was predictable. The "colonialist stooge" was maintaining himself in power through the military strength of the colonial powers and hired white supremacists. Stories of the atrocities committed by the mercenary-led army circulated throughout Africa while the horrors of the rebel savagery to Europeans were largely ignored. Africa engaged in an orgy of anti-Western, anti-white feeling, much of which was directed at the United States for supplying the transport planes which brought the paratroopers from their base on Ascension Island.

The United Nations debate on the Stanleyville intervention reflected African attitudes. Despite the fact that the Belgian-American action had the consent of the Tshombe government it was denounced by one African representative after another as an illegal intervention by the colonial powers in the internal affairs of Africa. The single exception was Jaja Wachuku, the Nigerian representative, who noted that all the governments which were denouncing the move maintained diplomatic relations with Leopoldville and thereby accorded the Tshombe government legal recognition. Hence an action carried out by its permission could not be called illegal. He added that once the principle of legality was flouted there would be no end to conflict in Africa.

Wachuku was arguing, of course, with his own country in mind, where the danger of separatist rebellions is by no means absent. Yet he focused attention on the single semblance of legitimacy which the Tshombe government retained—the legal recognition of the central government. While Algeria and the United Arab Republic supplied arms to the rebels, they still maintained embassies in Leopoldville, and although Tshombe could not be said to represent the nationalist "real will" of the Congolese, or even to possess electoral or parliamentary support, he was the legal head of government, appointed by the legal president of the Congolese republic.

Mollifying the Africans

In recent months Tshombe has used this argument to broaden his African support among the more conservative African states. In this respect, the conference of French-speaking African states which was held at Nouakchott, Mauritania, in February 1965, was especially important. At the end of the meeting at which they formed the Common Organization of Africa and Madagascar (OCAM) the heads of all the French-speaking states except Guinea and Mali issued a communiqué which called for peace in the Congo "through aid to the legal government to hasten national reconciliation in order and liberty." They thus implicitly rejected any claim to legality on the part of the rebel government and gave Tshombe the African base of support which he had previously lacked. At its next meeting held in May, the OCAM admitted the Congo as a full member.

The formation of the OCAM was itself a reaction to the Congolese crisis. When the Organization of African Unity (OAU) seemed to be ineffectual or pro-rebel in its stand on the Congo crisis, the more moderate states began to be concerned over the possibility of similar tribally-based but left-supported rebellions in their own territories. The moderates therefore determined to cooperate more closely and to form an organization for mutual support which would not be subject to neutralization or domination by left-oriented African states such as Ghana, Algeria, and the UAR. For the OCAM, the principle of legitimacy could not be anti-colonialism (many of them have very close ties to France and one, Gabon, has used French troops to put down a revolt) but *de facto* existence and legal recognition, a standard which Tshombe's government could meet, however grievous his past sins.

Currently Tshombe is attempting to reinforce this legal recognition with political legitimacy, Western style, through elections. During the past year the United States and Belgium have been urging him to broaden the representation in his cabinet—perhaps in accordance with assurances he gave before coming to power. However, Tshombe has been determined to head a government under his control, rather than an unstable coalition, and with the recent electoral victory of his new

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Congolese African Convention or Conaco, he seems to have succeeded in providing it with some kind of internal political base.

He has also worked to improve his image as a nationalist. This spring he drove a hard bargain with the Belgians for Congolese participation in the profits of the Belgian-owned mines in Katanga. Now with the total collapse of the rebellion in the Congo, he may even be able to send the hated mercenaries home.

Yet even with some African support and a parliamentary majority, the memory of his past actions makes it difficult for Tshombe to be accepted as legitimate. The organizers of the Second Afro-Asian Conference in Algiers, scheduled for late June but cancelled after Ben Bella's overthrow, had announced that they would seat Kasavubu but not Tshombe. The Organization of African Unity still has the Congo question on its agenda for its next meeting in September. Rumors have also been circulating concerning the formation of a Common Market in southern Africa to include the Congo together with Rhodesia, South Africa, and the Portuguese colonies. If Tshombe should decide to join, he would forfeit what little African support he has been able to gain in the past months.

Who Else Is There?

But the list of alternatives to Tshombe is not a long one. Former Premier Adoula is in exile, and his proposals last winter for a coalition government with the rebels have alienated him from President Kasavubu. Justin Bomboko, the able foreign minister of the Congolese government up until Tshombe's accession to power, is a distant possibility but he is not actively opposing Tshombe at present. If Tshombe should try to oust President Kasavubu in the presidential elections this fall or if he should make a deal with South Africa, it is possible that so much opposition to him would develop, that an alternative would have to be found. At present, this seems unlikely, and if Tshombe is as clever a politician as he is reputed to be, he will continue to expand his backing through playing the nationalist role as effectively as he did that of Katangan separatist.

U. S. policy towards Africa thus faces a dilemma. It cannot abandon Tshombe, for he has brought order to the Congo and may even bring it economic progress and a semblance of parliamentarism. Yet internationally he is a symbol of all that is hateful to the nationalists, and United States support for him impedes American efforts to work with the rest of emergent Africa. It also provides fuel for anti-American propaganda in Asia, the Middle East, and Latin America.

WHEN FOOLS SHIP OUT

THE SCREEN

When being interviewed by a New York *Times* writer shortly before the opening of "Cat Ballou," Lee Marvin, whose performance in that film won huzzahs, was asked if he had read Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools,* the source of another movie in which he appears. "Hell, no," he replied, "a book by a 72-year-old broad? Not me!" At first glance, one may wonder if Abby Mann, who wrote the screenplay for "Ship of Fools," felt the same as Marvin did. But as producer-director Stanley Kramer's complicated and lengthy film progresses, one realizes that Mann not only read the original novel again and again but also purposely changed, shortened, eliminated, revised characters and scenes in skillfully adapting an actionless, character-crowded book that was completely unlikely as movie material. The script, although lacking Porter's depth and gloom, has caught much of the spirit of the original and has been made by Kramer into an absorbing picture.

The announcements about the star-crowded cast in "Ship of Fools" were a little foreboding and made one wonder if this was to be another "Dinner at Eight." It is not. It is just as entertaining, but it is far more thoughtful and disturbing. On the *Vera,* sailing from Vera Cruz to Bremerhaven in 1933, are a group of people all beset with problems, people whose best and whose worst are brought to the fore as they meet, act and react during the confining voyage. Kramer's production is excellent, and the good direction of his motley passengers and crew is his best to date. Not only has he succeeded admirably in establishing these assorted characters as people, not just types, but he has also effectively maneuvered all these men and women in a series of revealing and suspenseful scenes that add up bit by bit into an exciting whole. He was aided, of course, in the suspense department by our foreknowledge of what these people would soon be encountering in the Germany to which most of them are returning.

Among the Germans on this German ship are many anti-Semites, most out-spoken and objectionable among whom is a publisher (Jose Ferrer). Most touching, to this viewer, among the Germans are: a Jewish manufacturer (Heinz Ruehmann), a likable, naive man convinced that anti-Semitism is only a temporary thing in Germany; a young man (Alf Kjellin) who deserted

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his Jewish wife and now is guiltily returning home to her; an amiable dwarf (Michael Dunn) who travels a great deal because his family is never comfortable when he's around; and the ship's doctor (Oskar Werner) who is greatly saddened by the situation in Germany and has grown away from his wife and two sons and during the course of the voyage is greatly attracted to a drug addict (Simone Signoret) being shipped out of Cuba as a prisoner.

Other non-Germans on the *Vera* include a snooty, middle-aged divorcee (Vivian Leigh) who sees her chances going and her life becoming more drab without men, men she can never be decent to; an uncouth ex-ball player (Lee Marvin) who is out for any dame he can get; a couple of young artists (George Segal and Elizabeth Ashley) who may get married some day but for the present are occupying separate cabins to see if sex is their only interest in each other; a steerage full of peasants being shipped out of Cuba because of a sugar crisis; and a group of Spanish dancers (Jose Greco, Barbara Luna, *et al*).

This cast is fine, and so are the many supporting players that help to fill up the ship, mingle with the leading characters and help to establish man's inhumanity to man. It's hard to say whether the Germans or the Spaniards on board show man at his worst, but in any case when all these people are thrown together, they seem to manage to bring out the worst in each other. In spite of its great cynicism, "Ship of Fools" remains interesting and entertaining. At the beginning and end of the film, the dwarf talks right to the audience, first to say this is a ship of fools, one of whom may be you, and at the end he wonders if you are going to ask, "What has all this to do with us?" and if you're going to answer, "Nothing." I didn't find myself on this ship of fools, but I do realize its fools have a great deal to do with me—and I with them. No man is an island—even in this lop-sided picture of humanity.

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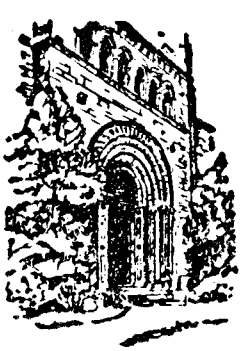

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TV'S BATTLE OF BRITAIN

ETC.

London

The BBC, which in its time has gone through more revolutions than a South American republic, has just had another crisis. Administrators have been moved up, down, and out, programs have been withdrawn, and accusations and counter-accusations have been made. All this does not sound particularly newsworthy, but in fact the whole reshuffle has been followed here with the greatest attention and interest. This is partly, no doubt, because the BBC is a state-controlled broadcasting system; taxpayers are always fascinated by the details of their officials' fumbles and falls, and like to watch the drains down which the money is poured. In the present case, which involved the direction of the BBC television programs, additional publicity was provided, with evident delight, by ITV, the commercial channel that is BBC's competitor; a documentary on the BBC appeared last week on ITV, and was largely devoted to the intrigues and failures that plague the government system.

But the principal reason for all the publicity is simply that the British people feel that they have a stake in their own broadcasting network. This is a feeling so entirely unlike anything an American *could* feel that it is a bit hard to comprehend, but it comes to something like this: the BBC is boring, outrageous, highbrow, vulgar, whatever you dislike, but so long as it exists there is still hope that it might be made what it should be—a network that would please everybody all the time, by being simultaneously serious and popular, reaching high-brow and mass audience at once. It never has managed to achieve these conflicting goals, and more often has been prevented by the conflict from achieving either. Still, the ideal remains, and makes the BBC news.

The intricacies of the latest crisis are beyond relating, but the principal result is clear enough—a Mr. Donald Baverstock has left the BBC. Baverstock was the ideaman behind the original TW3, and more recently produced a similar program called "Not So Much a Programme, More a Way of Life"; he belonged to the intellectual wing of the BBC, and was evidently a difficult but stimulating man to work with, full of ideas for more imaginative uses of the medium, a man who saw television as an art form. He wanted the top job in the BBC television structure, and apparently had some reason to think he would get it; when a more moderate,

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diplomatic man got it instead, Baverstock quit.

Most observers have read the removal of Baverstock as an indication of a change in policy at the BBC, away from the adventurous pursuit of quality and ideas, toward the more conventional pursuit of viewers. In terms of popularity, such a change seems to have some justification: in the most recent poll, the first *nineteen* programs were on ITV, and the twentieth, BBC's highest, was the American Perry Mason show. But defenders of the Baverstock policy argue that the BBC's concern for quality programming has raised the level of even ITV far above, say, American television; and certainly it does seem to be true that while the BBC yearns for more viewers, the commercial channel perversely yearns to be highbrow.

One of the first casualties of the policy-change was Baverstock's brain-child, "Not So Much a Programme." This show had been devised as a successor to TW3; it was to consist of a panel of distinguished guests, a moderator (David Frost), and a scattering of comical-satirical sketches and songs by a permanent company. The original idea was that the sketches would stimulate the members of the panel to lively and intellectual discussion: the whole thing was to be rather like a visit to a first-class musical revue in the company of Oscar Wilde. Alas, it didn't work out that way: the revue wasn't first class, and there was no Oscar Wilde. There was, instead, David Frost. Though the BBC never tired of pointing with pride to Mr. Frost's transatlantic commuting (as though it was to the system's credit that a BBC man flew the Atlantic more often than any other television performer in the world), it is not easy to see, from his performances on this side, why he should be considered a desirable personality on either side. He emerged from the "'Not So Much" shows as a man who had none of the qualities necessary to make intelligent discussion move—neither the wit, nor the information, nor the quickness of mind.

Then there were the sketches. Occasionally a good one turned up, and at least one brilliant performer—Eleanor Bron—made her reputation there, but more often the sketches showed how easy it is to be clever and vulgar at the same time. No matter how immediate and stimulating ideas are, they are still capable of tasteless treatment, and "Not So Much" was in pretty constant bad taste. There was, for example, a sketch about birth control involving a Roman Catholic priest that must surely stand as the most offensive performance on any television program: it could hardly have amused the most hardened anti-clerical, and it certainly aroused a roar of disapproval from the British audience. Birth control in general the script writers took to be in-

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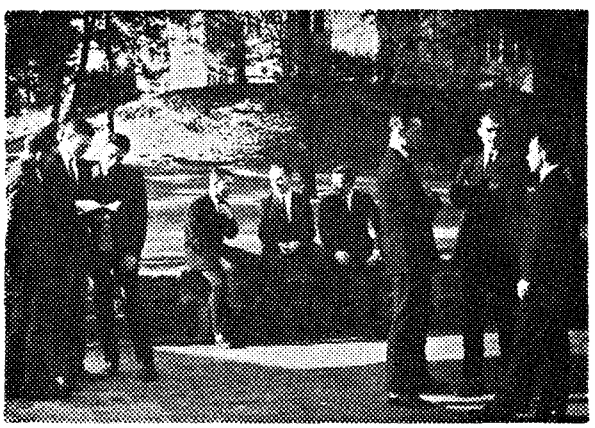

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herently funny—quite without justification, as it usually turned out—and there were more sketches about the sale of contraceptives than even a good joke could survive. The trouble with these sketches was they were based on a simple-minded idea of what adult entertainment is. One can manage a spurious maturity simply by discussing subjects generally regarded as taboo, and it will seem even more adult if these subjects are treated as jokes. But a boring joke is boring, even if it is daringly boring.

The relation between sketches and discussion was from the first a bit uncertain. Mr. Frost evidently felt that his panelists should talk about serious matters, and he led them relentlessly into conversations about beliefs which are not easy or necessarily entertaining subjects for such circumstances, and sometimes came jarringly after a comic turn. Even the most intelligent and articulate people are likely to show up badly when asked to discuss their beliefs off the tops of their heads, and at such moments the show was simply embarrassing. It was embarrassing in other ways, too; for example, on the occasion when Mr. Bernard Levin described Sir Alec Douglas-Home as a "cretin."

At first the panels seem to have been chosen simply as bunches of interesting people. Some of these turned out also to be interesting television performers, but some disastrously didn't. James Baldwin, for example, was a terrible bore; he turned every subject onto his one preoccupation, and completely killed discussion, and he also revealed a distressing inability to reason. Later panels began to be infiltrated by more or less professional entertainers (Jonathan Miller, for instance); some of these have been quite funny, but others brought a comical-monologist's "A funny thing happened to me" line to the program that clashed with other panelists' efforts at real conversation, and deprived the program of what little shape it had left. It is perhaps not surprising that the two liveliest and freshest personalities on the show were not either intellectuals or comedians, but journalists: Dee Wells, a marvelously opinionated American woman who lives in London, and Paddy Campbell, a stuttering Irish peer with a throw-away style of humor. Journalists, after all, are professional dispensers of instant opinions, and that is what a show of this kind is. (It is also not entirely surprising that they are an American and an Irishman; the most entertaining people in England in this century have been.)

The failure of "Not So Much" is explicable in particular terms—it failed because it wasn't good enough. But behind that failure is a larger question that is more difficult, and a good deal more important. How *does* one present ideas through television? If "Not So Much" proved anything, it was that opinions are not often entertaining; and on the evidence of this show it seems unlikely that unstructured discussions can ever be made to constitute a performance: the odds are simply too great against spontaneous ideas being either coherent or interesting.

There is not much to mourn, then, in the passing of "Not So Much." But one can regret that one more attempt to make television intelligent has failed, because it did not make intelligence entertaining. And one can hope that the empty weekend time will not be filled with the soap operas and minstrel shows and American movies that are British television's popular entertainments.

SAMUEL HYNES

BOOKS

Sartre as performer and literary illusionist

Situations

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

George Braziller, $5.95

W. E. ARNOLD

"Oh what a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive." Let this serve as epigraph to the present collection of essays, where the practice of illusion and of criticism are exhibited together. The weaving mind at the center of these pieces, which are taken mostly from the pages of his monthly *Les Temps Modernes*, has recently attracted a very wide interest in this country as a result of the publication in English of his curious autobiography up to the age of ten. Whether Jean-Paul Sartre is a deceiver or not I will leave for readers of his works to debate, and himself to reveal. That he is a literary illusionist and performer of the first order, anyone can see. Whether an illusionist deceives, after all, depends upon his audience and its desire to be deceived.

Taken, then, as fiction of a sort the critical and biographical essays in this volume may provide the kind of insight and pleasure that fiction can. Taken as expository works, where the subject ought to be in clear focus, they will easily exasperate. Where the reader seeks clarity, the author dizzies, and his subject is lost in a tangle of words

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and ideas. The real subject of most of these pieces is, of course, Sartre himself, whoever he is, so they will contribute to a kind of guessing game. Beyond that, two or three of the essays and a certain presence of mind throughout can make the book worthwhile for the general reader.

One of the best pieces in the book is the reply which Sartre made to a letter from Albert Camus taking issue with a very critical review of Camus' book *The Rebel*, a review printed by Sartre in *Les Temps Modernes*. Sartre's reply is studied polemic, of a sort that the French are very good at. It is wholly personal, marking as it does the end of a friendship, and at the same time designed for publication. Undoubtedly it tells more about Sartre than it does about Camus, the issues being all but lost in the clash of personalities.

It is possible to question the nature and depth of the friendship between Camus and Sartre, even though it is probably impossible to determine. It seems to have been founded mostly on their common cause in the Resistance, having a past but no future, at least so far as Camus was concerned. Despite a temporary philosophical and practical sympathy, Camus evidently no longer wished to be associated with Sartre's particular brand of existentialism and Marxist politics. He saw early the contradiction inherent in these positions—absolute freedom for the individual, absolute determinism for the race—which has become a commonplace with philosophical critics of Sartre. He accused Sartre and his journal of "bad faith" and of selling out to the Stalinists in the Communist camp.

Sartre in turn accused Camus of being too solicitous for his own works and worse, of withdrawing from History and betraying the Social Revolution. "But I ask you, Camus, just *who* are you, to stand off at such a distance?" And in what must be the ultimate in epithets for Sartre, he says, "You are no longer anything but an abstraction of revolt." The reader will sense that much of Sartre's reply is meant to divert attention from the hits Camus has scored. Obligingly, Sartre himself answers best for Camus in his piece (also printed here) on that writer's tragic death: "He represented in this century, and against History, the present heir of that long line of moralists whose works perhaps constitute what is most original in French letters. . . . Through the obstinacy of his refusals, he reaffirmed the existence of moral fact within the heart of our era and against the Machiavellians, against the golden calf of realism." One could question in this the phrase "against history."

Another good essay is "Prisoner of Venice," a "work in progress" about Tintoretto and his city. Here Sartre imagines this complex person and prodigious workman as a kind of existential "anti-hero" before his time. He sees the painter as both agent and victim of the "class struggle" in sixteenth-century Venice. "Anxious and cursed, Venice produced a man riddled with *angst*, and cursed in him her own anxiety."

Starting with the known facts about Tintoretto (Jacopo Robusti), which are few enough, Sartre has filled in a plausible but dark portrait of the painter. In doing so he has followed the Mannerist tradition, distorting the forms and foreshortening where necessary for his perspective, a perfectly legitimate technique provided the viewer is aware of the perspective. The drabness in this piece, and it is one of the best in the book, comes from its ideological background, the same used for all Sartre's portraits, a background distracting, colorless and unconvincing.

I have always considered Sartre's forte to be imaginative psychology, not metaphysics and certainly not politics. His best work lies within the realm of the first. Labor and a great deal of labor lost, at least on me, characterize his works in the other two. Unfortunately Sartre reverts often to metaphysical and political dogma. He outlines a fascinating personal career and will not leave it until he has plotted its congruence with impersonal world-historical movements. In speaking of History and Reason with a proprietary air he shows himself to be a true follower of Hegel, a patron of Essences underneath the "existential" dress. Even his prose style develops according to Hegel's dialectical rules superimposed on classical French. But Hegelianism has a way of degenerating into Marxism, and to this extent Sartre follows History.

There are several other selections worth reading in this collection, including one on the paintings of Giacometti, a *tour de force* of sympathetic art criticism; and a long piece on the progress and break-down of Sartre's friendship with Maurice Merleau-Ponty, the labyrinthine philosopher who is just lately beginning to be read in English. The autobiographical and "confessional" nature of most of these essays, as of much of Sartre's recent work, hardly needs stressing. Loss of belief in Revelation seems to be accompanied by the appearance and scrutiny of self-revelations everywhere. The latter are seldom inspired and never infallible guides to their authors, though I am afraid they are often taken as such. If "honesty" and "sincerity" have inspired them, so much the worse for "honesty" and "sincerity." The new literary moralism mustered under these banners now threatens to become even more obnoxious than the old.

I hope the self-revelatory character of Sartre's recently Englished works does not blind his readers to their true nature and worth. This, I believe, lies in the extent to which they give witness to that most intense of energies, thought in action, which, as Richard Blackmur pointed out, "cannot be dealt with by any energy less intense, except with degradation and incalculable uncontrol." It must be said that Sartre himself does not always seem aware of this, as the illusionist in him misdirects both himself and the reader into passive mind and uncontrol. But the proportion of active to passive mind throughout these pages is generally high. The most intense of energies animates the best of them and provides the best reason for turning to them.

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The Green Berets

ROBIN MOORE

Crown, $4.95

EMILE CAPOUYA

The wearers of the green berets are Special Forces soldiers, described as commandoes, paratroopers, and frogmen rolled into one. The author went through the training given to members of that unconventional corps, and later served with its units in Vietnam —officially as an observer and journalist, unofficially as an armed participant in raids, skirmishes, and small-scale battles. He tells us that he has changed the names and distinguishing marks of the actors in those scenes of undeclared war, but that the events reported really took place.

Events such as the interrogation of a suspected Vietcong infiltrator, who was persuaded to give the desired replies by means of a large pin hammered under his thumbnail and stirred about in the quick. (Another green beret present at the time remarked that a genuine Vietcong fighter would probably remain silent despite such torture. If that is so, the thumbnail treatment would appear to be successful chiefly as a means of relieving the overwrought feelings of patriotic Americans who are defending the idea of freedom and the dignity of the human person in the jungles of Vietnam.) Events such as the ingenious violation of the Cambodian border by means of suborned parties of bandits. And so on—adding up to an admission of every conceivable crudity and stupidity that might possibly be charged against American soldiers by their worst enemies.

Unless Mr. Moore is romancing, and I do not think he is, his account is the more damning because of his boyish enthusiasm for the trickery and butchery he reports. That is a new note in journalistic coverage of the Asian war. As I was reading *The Green Berets*, a New York *Times* dispatch reporting an engagement in Vietnam mentioned that our aircraft had incinerated a mountainside in order to kill retiring Vietcong troops, and Americans on the spot had estimated that some hundreds of the guerrillas had in fact been killed. But the correspondent observed that four out of five persons hospitalized for treatment of wounds after the napalm business were Vietnamese women and children, and he allowed his readers to infer that four out of five of the corpses adorning that mountain might be those of women and children, too. Now, that is the tone we are used to; on the whole, it is the tone we prefer. The *Times* man was at least mildly scandalized, and we want to feel offended with him. Robin Moore does his country some disservice when he assumes that Americans want to find palatable each and every atrocity that our soldiers may be committing under our authority.

But Mr. Moore will no doubt go unrebuked until America fully recovers consciousness. Right now, she is shell-shocked from so much official chanting of democratic watchwords to an obbligato of rapine and murder. Right now, senators have the impudence to introduce bills designed to limit the traffic in firearms at home, in the hope of preventing an odd killing or two, while ratifying the use of high explosive, petroleum jelly, and harmless nauseating gas on the benighted foreigners. While we wait for our numbed faculties to resume their functions, we might as well examine Mr. Moore's astounding psychology. It is very like our own.

Mr. Moore is one of those tough sentimentalists who is thrilled by the minor rituals of arms, green berets, technical terms, Standard Operating Procedures, and the slang of casual murder. This grown-up Boy Scout need only be assured that he is defending freedom for him to trot off with a squad of licensed delinquents and happily commit the crimes that would get him jailed or confined to a nuthouse at home. He is physically courageous, and he has a reverence for male prowess that would make a psychiatrist raise an eyebrow. Well, what is so very distinctive about that pitiable mentality? To speak personally, I am painfully aware that I share it with Mr. Moore. When I consider what, in the name of sound public policy, we ought to do with such types—and their more suave counterparts in the Defense Department—I find myself thinking that the cheapest and manliest course would be to shoot them. But that way madness lies. That way, indeed, lies Mr. Moore, and his ultimate expression, the foreign policy of the United States.

The most important thing we can learn from the gabble of cheerful idiocy that makes up *The Green Berets* is that the enemy is us. Recognizing how our own souls respond to the lure of violence, we can better understand the no-nonsense attitude of Mr. McNamara, the moral homilies of Mr. Stevenson, and the White House's assurances that it will not/already has authorized the aggressive use of American troops in Vietnam. And as we learn humility in our own persons, we may learn a little salutary contempt for the frailties of our leaders.

The Family Moskat

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

Farrar, Straus, $5.95, $2.95 *paper*

BRIAN WILKIE

The English translation (from Yiddish) of Isaac Singer's first novel, *The Family Moskat*—originally published some fifteen years ago—has been out of print in recent years. Fortunately, it has now been reissued, so that currently all of Singer's most important works are in print.

The kind of short-term appraisal implicit in book reviewing seems irrelevant to *The Family Moskat* now, since the novel has been so widely and highly praised already. Instead, one wants to measure the book by higher standards —to decide, for instance, whether it will achieve the status of a permanent literary classic. Normally that speculation is the idlest of all questions; posterity refuses too often to honor the debts entailed on it by early critics. But in calling *The Family Moskat* a classic

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novel one is not so much claiming excellence for it as describing it and its special atmosphere. The classic note in *Moskat* has less to do with quality than with *a* quality, and that quality has little in common with any current fad or fashion in literature. In other words, the things in the book that appeal to and awe readers today are not things that date easily.

For one thing, the impressiveness of *The Family Moskat* does not depend on any particular attitude or personal vision of its author's. Singer has nothing "to say" in this novel, any more than the recording angel has anything "to say." Although he is a masterful artist and story-teller, Singer effaces himself before his vast subject, which is nothing less than the flourishing and decline of a civilization. At the center of the canvas, but spreading to all the remote corners of it, are the family and friends of the family of the patriarchal Meshulam Moskat, a wealthy and influential Jew of Warsaw, a latter-day Jacob. The ramifications of this huge family, to the third and fourth generations, are described in dense but extravagant detail, so that the novel becomes an epic summary not only of a family but of the entire civilization of eastern European Jewry in the early twentieth century. Yet in the last analysis the book is not provincial; its honesty and comprehensiveness suggest, finally, the awesome complexity of human life in general.

It is true that *Moskat* is a novel with a theme. The theme is the endurance of the Jews and, more particularly, the decimation of their civilization in this century. But this theme emerges from the novel slowly and indirectly, without insistence and without any more pathos than the truth warrants—which is enough. The Moskat family is enormously varied, but it contains no more than the usual small human allotment of admirable people. Only in the last third of the book does the theme of persecution become dominant; most of the novel concerns the period from about 1910 to 1920 and relates the stories of individuals. There is no sentimental pity toward anyone, Jew or Gentile. Singer pays his people and their way of life the tribute of truthful portrayal, without ending anything. That is why the novel and the tragedy of gradually gathering catastrophe are so moving—because what was once alive was so very much alive.

All the same, *The Family Moskat* is not simply a documentary. The power and sensitivity of Singer's human imagination are hard to match in any other author. To be able to create solid and complex characters in profusion is itself a mighty and rare achievement, but Singer can do more. Not only can he conceive and realize characters; he can make them change and grow. He can impel his characters through the different stages of growing up and aging in such a way that every person remains his distinctive self but reflects the subtle changes in mood and energy that the very process of time inevitably brings. Thus, in effect he renders each of his scores of actors four or five times. Outside of Tolstoy, with whom Singer has much in common, it would be hard to find another author who can do that.

As a footnote, something should be said about the excellence of the translation by A. H. Gross, which was completed after Gross's death by Maurice Samuel, Lyon Mearson, and Gross's daughter. Nancy. The English is masterful, with scarcely a hint of the awkwardness which even the best translators must at least occasionally settle for. The faithfulness to Yiddish is for others than me to judge, but as English the Gross translation seems worthy of the book it renders, and that is high praise.

The James Bond Dossier

KINGSLEY AMIS

New American Library, $3.95

WARREN MILLER

Well, here's a silly book. It takes one back to those exciting days when the films of Elizabeth's coronation were flown over in jets, CBS racing NBC as in the early times of the U.S. Airmail service, and we watched it all on TV and listened to Sir Ralph Richardson, illuminated, reciting his incantatory narration. *The orb has now been placed in her hand.* A hush? My dear, you could have cut it with a knife. and then the Age of Elizabeth was declared and, you will recall, Cyril Connolly and other publicists went madly scurrying about, looking desperately for the new Shakespeare and Marlowe; or the new Marlowe and Webster; or someone. And discovered, of course, Colin Wilson. Trumpet voluntaries, written by the original fat Englishman, Fred Handel, were sounded in *The Observer, The Spectator. . .*

Excuse me.

Yes.

You said, Colin Wilson?

Yes. The philosopher.

I'm afraid I don't remember any Col. . .

Wrote *The Outsider.* Very famous book.

No. What has he done since?

Written oh any number of books since.

Is that so. What are the titles?

Yes, quite a few books. And now, if you'll excuse me. . .

Amis, apparently, has taken it upon himself to restore England's hegemony in *some* area, or indeed, *any* area; and has, curiously, chosen the cheap paperback thriller as the means for England's comeback. Over-age, short of breath, balance gone, no reach, a hopeless case altogether, the contender—someone called James Bond—enters the ring, and has only to enter it to be declared World Champion—by Amis, who got him to the finals in the first place not by beating the opposition but by dismissing it.

Len Deighton, for example, is dismissed with a weary *I suppose* on page 3: ". . . Deighton's *The Ipcress File* and *Horse Under Water* are, I suppose, more realistic than anything of Mr. Fleming's. . ." Le Carré, in his turn, gets sent down for "anguished cynicism." Not even T. S. Eliot is spared. In defense of Fleming's snobbery about *things*, Amis points out that *The Waste Land* could have been toned up a bit if only poor Eliot had men-

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tioned "(say) Nestlé's condensed milk, Woodbines, Spink's plum-and-apple jam and Scotch-and-Apollinaris. . ." This "would have done *The Waste Land* a world of good." The demolition of Eliot is completed with a karate chopping movement involving the carotid artery:

"As it is, the poem, by setting out not to be limited to or by its immediate period, has no social-temporal context either, and has become just one more of the featureless flavorless lumps of cultural lumber it purports to be superior to."

Funny we never noticed that before. A close reading of Fleming does open one's eyes.

Take morality. (Amis' style is infectious. I never wrote this way before reading *The Bond Dossier. Take morality* clearly shows me to be under the domination of the potent prose Amis has forged for dealing with this masterful culture-hero. I am, obviously, intoxicated by such Amis lines as (see page 6): "Clothes probably don't make the man, but they can tell us a lot about him." or (page 5): "Enough of amateur psychologizing." or (page 3): "As I write, the secret agent of the glamorous type holds undisputed sway." I hope it will be noted that these examples are drawn from the first pages of the book, when Amis was still, presumably, fresh.

But let me hark back now to my remark (see page 4 for an excellent example of this form) on morality. Take morality is what I began by saying. Fleming's has been questioned. Amis (fair's fair) quotes some of the nasty-minded bad-tempered men who call Fleming to account. Raymond Mortimer holds Bond's values to be "both anti-humanist and anti-Christian"; another has complained of the "total lack of any ethical frame of reference." What these fellows don't seem to realize is that some things are regarded by Bond "as good: loyalty, fortitude, a sense of responsibility. . ." And other things are regarded "as bad: tyranny, readiness to inflict pain. . ." etc. Amis rather grudgingly, admits that "these distinctions aren't excitingly novel"—as if Fleming had been charged with a failure of imaginative and original morality—"but they are important, and as humanist and/or Christian as the average reader would want." And that puts Paid to their account!

And besides, "there's no hint of anti-Semitism, and no feeling about color more intense than that, for instance, Chinese Negroes make good sinister minor-villain material." And in his bluff, hearty, pipe-smoking beer-drinking Labor party way, Amis adds, ("They do, too.)"

How sadly, depressingly provincial all this is. The English have progressed from touting mediocrity to eulogizing it, and it looks like it's going to be a long reign—and for Amis and his kind a dull one, because Fleming "leaves no heirs." How bleak is the prospect before them, poor souls! And how dreadful their secret knowledge (for they must know) that this is the best they've been able to come up with. It is as if we had built a national monument to the hula hoop.

The Dividing of Christendom

CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

Sheed and Ward, $5.95

JOHN RATTE

Most historians are embarrassed by culture. There is something so vague about the term, so amorphous about the thing represented by it, so unscientific about the study associated with both term and thing, and worst of all, so unavoidably *general* about the trio of term, thing, and study, that the "good" historian shies away from the whole business and is happy to leave matters of culture to literary people, or to prophets, or to that small handful of brave men who maintain that cultural history can be done, and who seem to want to do it.

This diffidence is quite understandable. The historian who tries to deal with a whole culture, whether it be that of Sumer or Rome, the middle Kingdom or Tokagawa Japan, medieval Europe or the modern West, is in effect trying to define, account for, and interpret the fundamentals of a life style, or more likely, a series of inter-related life styles, for a multitude of people (and/or peoples) and a plentitude of time which may run to millennia. And in the case of the most complex of cultures, that of the West, his task is made more difficult by geographical, political and ideological diversity which stretches the concept of a single culture to its utmost limits, and suggests that any conclusions which might be drawn from such a large-scaled study will either be so general as to be trivial, or so qualified with exceptions as to be unnecessary.

And there are methodological problems. The historian of an entire culture cannot substitute his work for the work of the political, economic, or social historian, or that of the historian of philosophy, science, and ideas. Meaningful cultural history is only possible when the conclusions of these other disciplines have been mastered. And in addition to this mastery there must be mastery of the sociological and anthropological categories without which cultural history is mere digest. And finally the historian of culture must bring to the task of ordering the researches of other historians through the techniques of social science some specialized knowledge, and ideally, some special vision, which will make his work more than journalism.

Christopher Dawson, the foremost practitioner of this demanding art, has based his wide-ranging studies of European culture on a double insight which is both historical and methodological. He has argued, both as historian and as social theorist, that religion is the fundamental cultural experience: that all cultures not only begin with religious experience—as 19th-century positivist anthropology begrudgingly admitted—but continue as viable cultures only in so far as they preserve and extend the religious substructure upon which cultural diversity is based.

This position—which might be described, variously by a Marxist and a non-Marxist, as standing Hegel on his

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head again, or as finally putting him back on his feet—is, I think, a fundamentally radical one in the sense that it gets at the root of the problem of culture; it does so because it has as its necessary corollary the notion that it is impossible to understand religion historically. All cultures (and the Culture with a big C—the art and music and literature and patterns of social behavior which is the efflorescence of the anthropological grouping) draw their fundamental meaning from religion: all religions yield up their meaning only when they are studied in cultural context. Religion creates culture, and is in turn shaped by the culture to which it has given birth.

The methodological implications of this double insight provide the rationale for much of Professor Dawson's work, including the present volume, one of three which grew out of his lectures on the theme of "Christendom" given during his years as the first occupant of the Charles Chauncey Stillman Chair of Roman Catholic Theological Studies at the Harvard Divinity School. Dawson argues that the Christians of today, in Europe and America, do indeed share a common culture: "But this culture is a purely secular one; and one of the reasons that it is so completely secular is that there has been a complete cleavage of spiritual tradition and absence of intellectual contact between Catholics and Protestants.

The major reason for this failure of contact, ironically ended by the discovery of the irrelevance of Christianity to the modern world, is that the several parts of dis-united Christendom after the 16th century developed unique cultural expressions, from the inclusiveness of Catholic Baroque culture of Hapsburg Spain and Vienna to the exclusiveness of covental Puritan New England. In addition this disunity permitted the secularization of culture in the 17th and 18th centuries.

The rapid and healing advance of the ecumenical movement has re-established contact between the divided parts of Christendom: what is also needed is the establishment of contact between the various branches of humanistic studies which cultural history attempts. ". . . We have to consider the question of religious history as a field of study which historians ought to take account of, but which they have in fact neglected. No doubt their answer would be that this is the business of the ecclesiastical historians. This is true enough in theory. In practice, however, ecclesiastical history is as highly specialized as political history, which it resembles in certain aspects."

What makes this work noteworthy is the fact that Dawson's talent for synthesizing the significant aspects of political, economic, social and literary history with those of "ecclesiastical" history, the continuing force of his insight into the interdependence of religion and culture, and the clarity and rhythm of his style are reinforced by a strong but subtle ecumenical concern which, when taken with the other two books promised, will mark a major scholarly response to the events of this new conciliar era.

Hitler Moves East, 1941-1943

PAUL CARELL

Little, Brown, $10

Barbarossa: The Russian-German Conflict, 1941-1945

ALAN CLARK

Morrow, $10

NICHOLAS R. CLIFFORD

Shortly after the appearance of Alexander Werth's massive *Russia at War,* two new books have appeared which also deal with the eastern European campaigns of 1941-1945. Werth saw the events from the side of the Soviet Union; Carell and Clark, the former a German and the latter a Briton, look at the fighting primarily from the German side, if not from a German perspective, making heavy use of German sources, private and public, official and unofficial.

Carell's book, which was published in Germany in 1963, is based on a prodigious amount of research, including interviews with survivors of the Russian fighting, and its value lies chiefly in its almost day by day description of the eastern front from the launching of *Barbarossa* on June 22, 1941 until the surrender of Field Marshall Paulus and his 6th Army at Stalingrad in February 1943. The style is often somewhat heavy-handed, and sentences like these send the reader's mind reeling: "On 18th August the regiment was relieved by 263rd Infantry Division. The 2nd Battalion,

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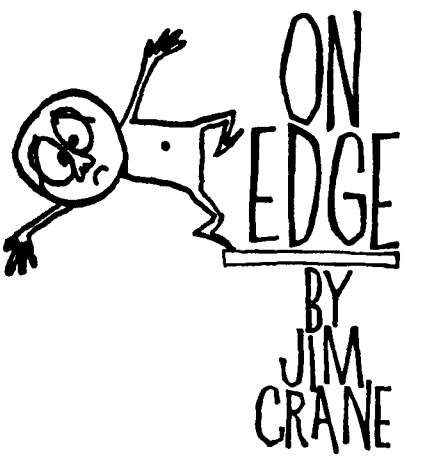

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463rd Infantry Regiment, repulsed 37 Russian attacks in 10 days. On 25th August the reconnaissance detachment of 263rd Infantry Division joined the neighboring 2nd Battalion, 483rd Infantry Regiment, in an immediate counter-attack . . ." And so it goes for over 600 pages.

Into this mass of detail the author interjects some life by re-creating conversations, some real and some imagined, and occasionally he writes with considerable human feeling, as in the descriptions of the battles for Moscow and Stalingrad. Yet at the end the reader is left with an incomplete vision. Carell's view of military history is here restricted to what went on in the front lines. He tells a story of desperation and heroism on both sides, but his war is a war in which, with a few exceptions, only fighting soldiers and their commanders are involved.

It is a war in which no civilians suffer (except those unfortunate enough to be in the way of direct military action), in which no prisoners are shot, a war which takes place in isolation from the larger questions of politics, diplomacy, or economics. Not only is the Russian campaign generally seen in isolation from the war as a whole, but even the military aspects of the campaign are seen in isolation from its effects behind the lines. What happens to those civilians over whose ground and in whose cities the war is fought? What happens to the enormous quantities of men taken prisoner by both sides? What happens in the occupied lands behind the lines? This we never learn.

What—to ask the most important question of all—was the purpose of *Barbarossa*? Carell describes a meeting in the first weeks of the war between Guderian, the genius of armored warfare, and Hitler, just after the Führer, for economic reasons, had called off the advance to Moscow, redirecting the main thrust of the campaign towards the Ukraine and the Crimea. "Guderian felt the blood rising to his ears. Wartime economics were not strategy. War meant crushing the enemy's military might—not rye, eggs, butter, coal, and oil. That was the approach of a colonialist, not a Clausewitz." Precisely—but why were Guderian and his brother officers taking their orders from a colonialist?

Clark's book, on the other hand, covers the entire German operation against Russia, ending only with the death of Hitler and the entry of the Red Army into Berlin in 1945. Here, the course of the fighting is put into perspective by some description of German occupation policies in Russia, of the political and economic aims of *Barbarossa*—if such colorless words as "aims" and "policies" can be used to describe the horrors that followed in the wake of German conquest.

The book is considerably less detailed than Carell's, but succeeds in being every bit as realistic and as gripping by using frequent quotations from diaries and memoirs on both sides, and from the records of Hitler's conversations with his generals. Here too, there is sometimes a tendency to isolate the Russian campaign from the rest of the war, particularly at the beginning of the book, but as time goes on, questions of foreign policy more and more begin to impinge upon those of military policy, questions about the future shape of eastern Europe.

With his armies certain of victory by early 1944, Stalin's old suspicions of Western intentions began to reassert themselves and, the author holds, altered the pattern of war. Not only did the Russians do little or nothing to help the premature Warsaw rising in the summer of 1944, allowing the Nazis to slaughter the non-Communist Polish leadership, but says Clark, they could have driven straight to Berlin and brought the war to an end that year.

Instead, Stalin thought it wiser to secure eastern Europe while Britain and America were occupied in the west, and diverted the main body of his armies from their advance on the German capital toward the Balkans. Readers are bound to differ in their assessments of Soviet motives, but it is clear that Clark, like many historians before him, sees in Roosevelt's attitude toward the Russians a tragically unjustified trust in Stalin's motives, and a failure to understand the swift politicization that the European war underwent in its final year.

What emerges clearly from these books—particularly Clark's—is that the blame for Germany's military failure in Russia is not one that can be hung on the convenient figure of Hitler. Often, especially during the war's early stages, it was he who had the fullest understanding of the strategic implications of his campaign, and his generals who, in their mutual jealousies and rivalries, frustrated his designs. The irony is, as Clark reminds us, that precisely at those stages of the campaign where Hitler's grasp of the situation was at its height, he had the hardest time in winning the obedience of his generals. For this, as it turned out, we can all be thankful.

Harper's *magazine* **August**

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The Second Vatican Council and the New Catholicism

G. C. BERKOUWER

Eerdmans, $5.95

GEORGE H. TAVARD

Studies on the Second Vatican Council have been coming out so often since Xavier Rynne's *Letters* that one wonders what public buys and reads all this material, which is very unequal in quality and extremely varied in background and purpose. That the Council and especially its first Pope, John XXIII, caught the imagination of

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Christians in all Churches cannot explain such a fermentation. That the press keeps up interest in a supposed struggle between "conservatives" and "liberals" in the Catholic Church cannot explain the commitments of serious publishing firms to solid studies of the Vatican Council, especially when these studies are often outdated by the time they are published.

This is the case with Professor Berkouwer's volume. It was no doubt full of insight into the problems of the Vatican Council when it was written; by now, however, the promulgation of the "Constitution on the Church" and the "Decree on Ecumenism" has rendered some of his hesitancies pointless and has provided an answer to many of his questions. Yet this book is still worth reading and it will belong in the category of the lasting documentation about the Council.

Professor Berkouwer is one of the Protestant "guests" at the Council (as distinguished from the official observers selected by the various Churches) and belongs to a very "conservative" branch of Dutch Protestantism. His book shows him to be a keen observer of the events and debates at the Vatican and a careful judge of the theological issues coming up in Catholicism, even though, probably little at home in our canonical distinctions, he keeps confusing encyclicals, decrees, constitutions, *motu proprio's*, pastoral letters and other titles with which Catholics are familiar, and which often imply subtle nuances of theological and disciplinary authority. His documentation is, understandably enough, mainly Dutch and German, and he therefore keeps referring to authors with which American readers will, for the most part, be totally unacquainted. Some readers will, more justly, be irked by the translator, who has used a form of English which is often obscure and sometimes unintelligible.

Dr. Berkouwer's book, however, raises an important question: Is there a "new catholicism," as his title implies and as his reflections constantly suggest? He keeps referring to "the new theology"; and apparently hopes that this "new theology" will affect the whole Church so that there will really be a "new Catholicism."

I have always felt it very difficult to find out what is meant by "new theology"; and I have the same difficulty here. Most of the points which Berkouwer treats under the label of "new theology" I learned as a theological student in 1945. And since I was never aware, in my theological studies, of a break with what I learned as a child, I should conclude that "the new theology" was taught me in catechism in 1930. As a result, I fail to see the newness that journalists and even theologians like Berkouwer have been talking about.

The Council is not in fact creating a "new Catholicism" and canonizing a "new theology." There has been no "new interpretation of the Council of Trent." Much of what is taken to be a "new exegesis" was known to Richard Simon in the 17th century. And it is of course quite inaccurate to speak of "the new liturgy." The Council tries to do for today what past councils attempted, or should have attempted, for their times, namely, to express the old, long-delivered, tradition, in relation to the questions and interests of contemporary mankind. What may be new is, in Paul Tillich's terms, the correlation, not the substance.

If the reader keeps this in mind, he will reap a great deal of information and insight from Berkouwer's theological reflections about, and interpretations of, the Council. If he does not, he may be led to see a Council and a Catholic Church that are far different from the actual ones.

Twelve Chases on West 99th Street

ROY BONGARTZ

Houghton, Mifflin, $4

RICHARD M. ELMAN

Manhattan's Upper West would be an excellent location for a "pop" novel. At the Zabar Appetizing store along that huge alimentary canal which is Broad-

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Surely if any area of the City had a story to tell of current relevance, it would be the West Side. It was—until quite recently what Greenwich Village had claimed to be all along and hadn't been for nearly three decades—a haven for vagrants, a turf for artistic contemplation, the only truly cosmopolitan veldt in New York where even some of the Welfare recipients could point out the apartment above a Chinese restaurant where Norman Mailer stuck his wife with a sharp instrument. On the West Side you could get anything: smoked salmon via airmail from Scot-

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REVIEWERS

W. E. ARNOLD *is a member of the Philosophy Department at Hunter College.*

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land; "grass" for smoking, also by air from Algeria; crabs from Santurce; or a South Philadelphia chancre. And since the inhabitants of the area were constantly being thrown against each other, almost like mirror images which are really inadvertent caricatures of a central core of depravity, "pop" in the form of a cartoon strip about life on the West Side was probably as suitable an art style for capturing this unique ambience as the pathos of Saul Bellow's *Seize the* Day. But even "pop" must have a hard edge or it becomes mere "poop." That is finally the difference between a Henry Miller and a Roy Bongartz. *Twelve Chases on West 99th Street* is *Tropic of Cancer* without the malignancy. Mr. Bongartz takes us through a fast-moving, fast-talking but basically sentimental and inoffensive little "pop" scenario—set against the dun-colored slabs of the West Side—in which Benny, forty-ninish and clutsy, tries to make it with Flo, a waitress, in and around more of the local artifacts than I can possibly recall, only to end up flat on his back against Flo's collapsed love seat—rejected, like a day old water bagel from Steinberg's.

Mr. Bongartz is a talented City documentarian and a talented-enough comedian but Benny and Flo and their indigenous clutter of friends, although certainly typical, hardly seem to be some of the West Side's most unforgettable characters. Indeed, they are mostly so typical that one loses sight of them for the crowd. I found them continually out of sight and out of mind as Mr. Bongartz dragged me in and out of Cake Masters, through the Cathedral Drug store, down the colonnade beyond the turtle fountain into that acre of privilege—the yacht basin. Did I laugh? I laughed so hard that I wanted to jump in the Hudson to cool off. About all that was lacking from this composite portrait of the *shtetl* between Columbus Circle and Morningside Heights was the exact smell of unwashed feet in the Thalia Cinema on any Saturday night. But those of us who suffer along the West Side among grabbing landlords and swindling merchants, with double and triple locks on the doors and abject misery out through the back window, will be able to survive this latest condescension. We have, after all, survived the Reform Democrats, Marya Mannes' self-pitying essays on the view from the Dakota Apartments, and Mr. Julius Horwitz's mean-spirited attacks on some of our Welfare neighbors. At least Mr. Bongartz is tolerant. Too tolerant perhaps! Or else I don't know a *clutz* from a *shlemiel.*

Actually, I don't know about you, but my favorite West Side character is the whore who threw a basin of lye in the face of a friend of mine as he was walking home from Columbia. "I'm sorry," she is reported to have said, "I was aiming at my boy friend."

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 547)

how immoral while purchase and sale are not—even if the market is a manipulated and controlled one. I also know that the poorer countries call for "trade, not aid." But I think that economic analysis and the historical record are relevant here, because both show that grants-in-aid are probably more sensible than price-supports.

IAN M. DRUMMOND,
Associate Professor of Economics,
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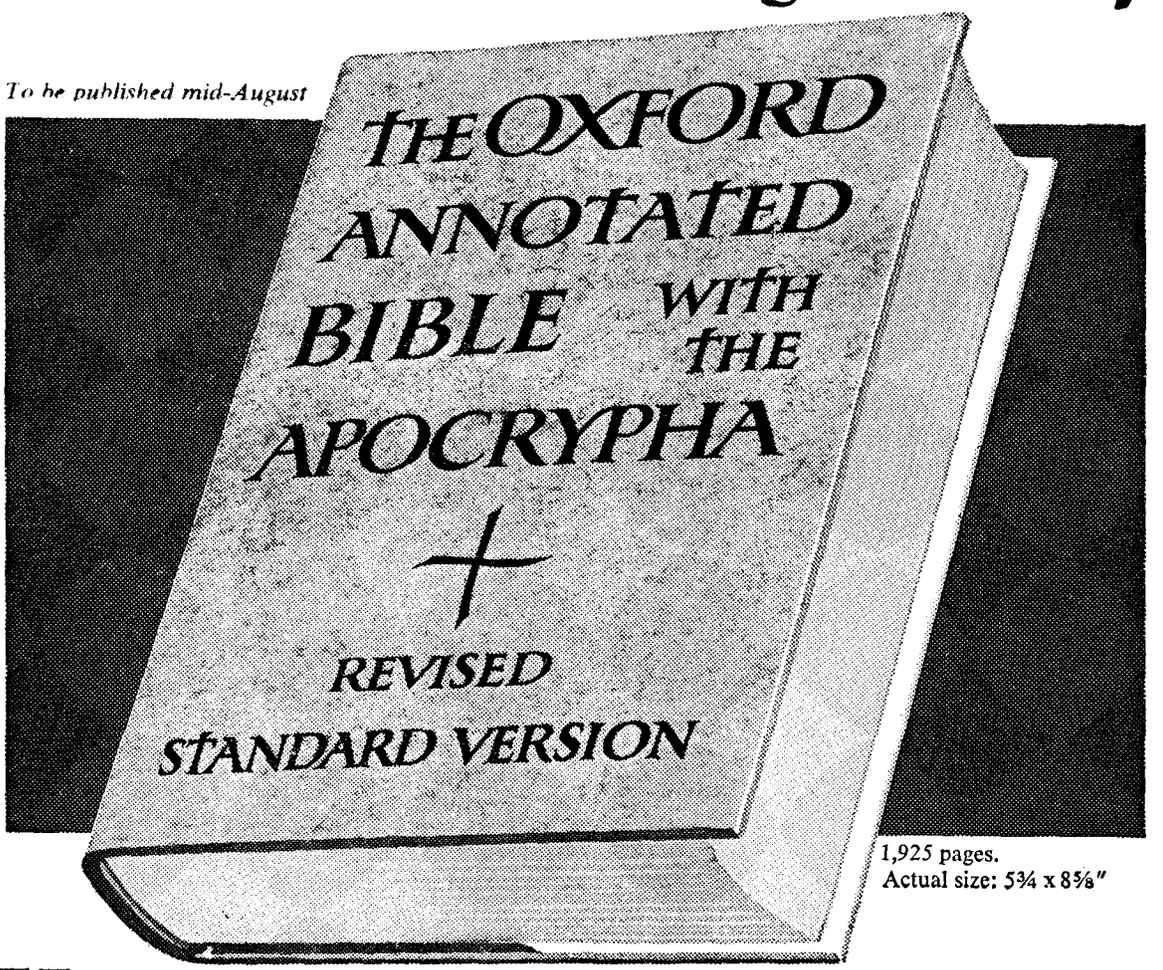

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